

OCTOBER 1, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 618.—Vol. XXIV.

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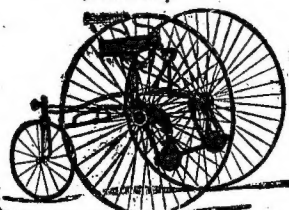
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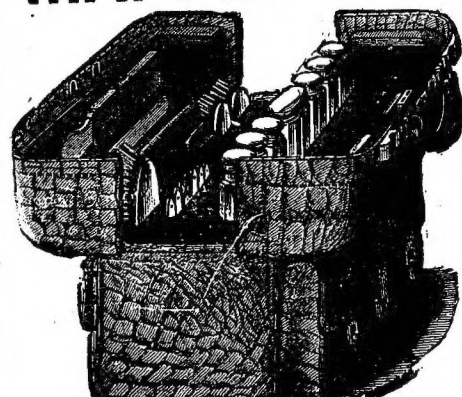
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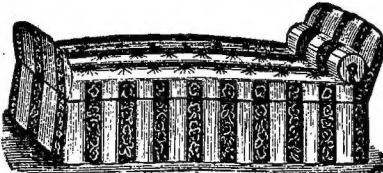
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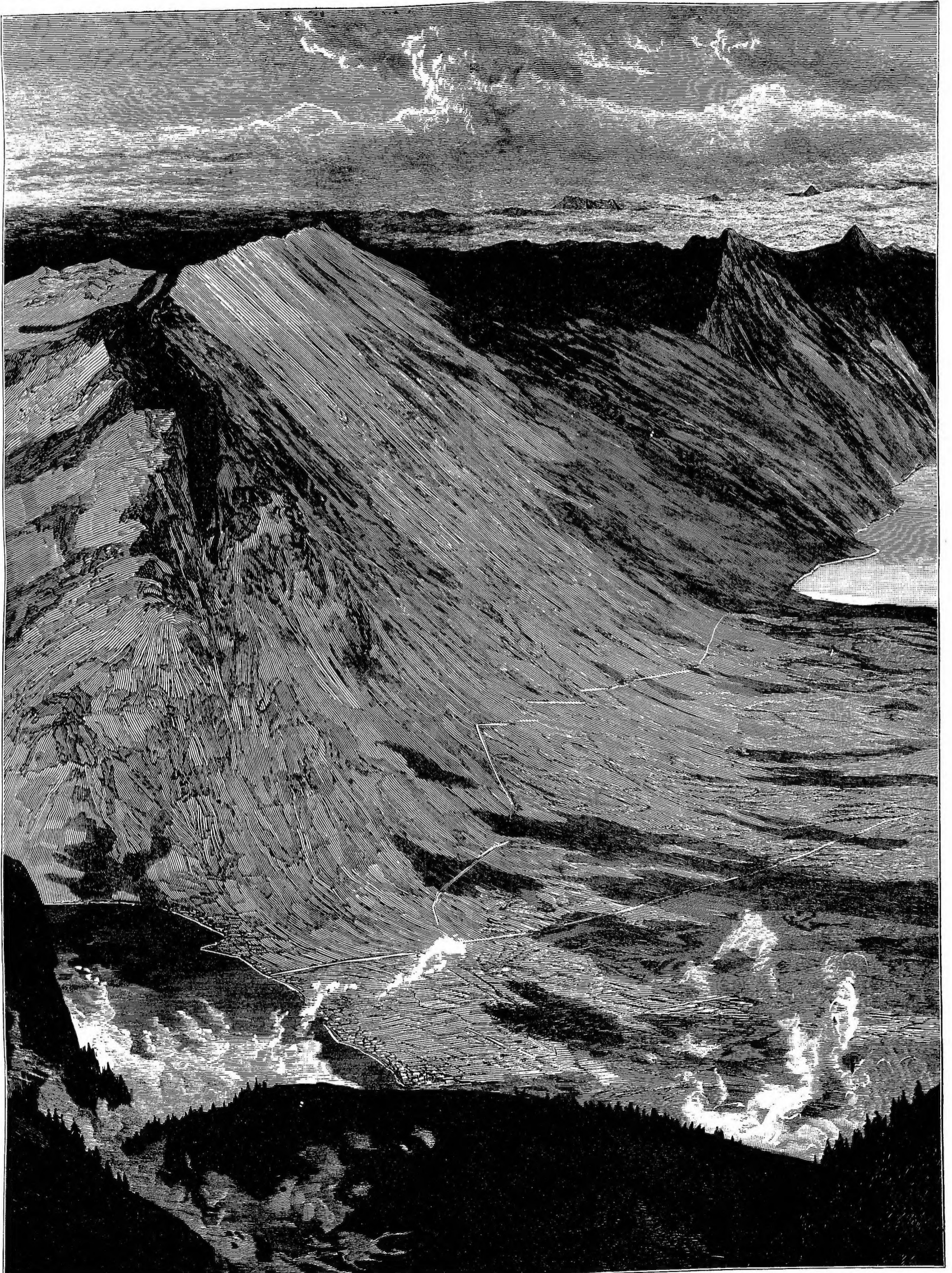
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE
[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



SWITZERLAND—SCENE OF THE LANDSLIP OF GOLDAU, 1806
SKETCHED FROM THE RIGI

Topics of the Week

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.—The most far-seeing politician would strenuously have disbelieved three months ago that the death of President Garfield, under any possible circumstances, could cause such an outburst of sympathy in this country as has actually occurred. Of course, it is easy now to understand the reasons for this display of sympathy. The noble character of the man who had manfully worked his way from poverty to distinction; his good-natured endurance of protracted sufferings; the womanly devotion of his wife; the fact that the whole world was admitted by the electric wire to his bedside; all these things, coupled with the almost nervous desire of modern Englishmen to stand well with Americans, produced a degree of affectionate interest, such as has never before been shown regarding any distinguished person unconnected with our own country. Just now there is some danger that we may exaggerate the practical importance of the sentiments thus aroused. We should be very glad to believe that the two great English-speaking nations had clasped hands over Garfield's grave, in token of a lasting friendship, but it would be unwise to imagine that a passing wave of sentimental emotion will produce this happy result. Let us glance for a moment at the facts of history. The first settlers, who for conscience sake faced the perils of the American wilderness, naturally regarded England as a cruel stepmother, and this view was shared by their descendants. The expatriated Ulstermen, immortalised by Goldsmith, also quitted home with exceeding bitterness in their hearts. Nor did the Highlanders feel grateful for being shipped across the Atlantic, when their ancestral holdings were converted into sheep and cattle runs. Add to this, there was always in the American colonies a large foreign element of Germans, Dutch, Swedes, and Frenchmen, who certainly had no home-sickness for England. No wonder that with such hostile elements, to say nothing of a thick-headed King surrounded by a clique of foolish counsellors, the War of Independence should take place, and that the War of 1812 should follow. Since then, three principal waves of immigration have reached the United States. First, an English wave, of artisans and labourers starved out of their homes by slack trade between 1815 and 1840. Secondly, the great Irish Roman Catholic wave. This immigration is now millions strong, and has a strong regard for its dear mother England, now and then sending her little presents of dynamite. Thirdly, there is the vast Continental wave. This immigration naturally takes little interest in England, though on the whole it is rather inclined to hate her as the home of monarchy and aristocracy. These are not elements very promising of amity, but at the same time there are some encouraging symptoms. In spite of the *Trent* and the *Alabama*, a better feeling has arisen since the Great Civil War. The Northerners then for the first time appreciated the hatefulness of rebellion; and we learnt that those whom we had regarded as mere dollar-hunters could be gallant soldiers. Thenceforward there has been an abundant interchange of hospitalities between the wealthier inhabitants of the two countries; the fashionable modern "Grand Tour" is performed in the United States; and Americans who are properly introduced in this country find social gates unlocked before which native aspirants sigh in vain. Let us, therefore, hope for the best, but let us not fancy that mere emotional impulses will settle all the knotty questions which are certain in the future to arise between the two nations.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—The tidings which reach us daily from Egypt are by no means reassuring. The mutinous officers are still discontented and overbearing; and—what is even more important—their temper seems to be affecting a large section of the Egyptian people. Hitherto the fellahs have been represented as a patient, submissive race, ready to accept any system of government on condition that they are allowed to secure a fair share of the products of their labour. Now, however, according to the reports of accurate and impartial observers, they give evidence of a strong national feeling. They object, it is said, to the interference of Western Europe, and many of them loudly express their sympathy with the colonels who have risen against foreign dictation. If these reports are well founded (and there can be no reason to doubt that they are) they undoubtedly indicate a formidable danger; and the chances are that we may soon be confronted by a new and more serious attempt at revolution. It is easier to define the peril than to suggest the proper method of overcoming it. Every solution that has been hitherto proposed is open to criticism, and there is probably not a statesman in Europe who would be prepared to say offhand what course he thinks it would be safest to pursue. Fortunately there is a virtual unanimity of opinion in England on one point of paramount importance; and that is that English interests in Egypt are more vital than those of any other country. It may be difficult to induce France to accept this view; but she must sooner or later acknowledge it. Her claims relate merely to commerce, while ours are not only commercial but political, since if Egypt were permanently disturbed or in the hands of a foreign Government we might be excluded from our principal highway to India. After the plain words spoken by Lord Granville with respect

to Tripoli, we cannot doubt that he will take care to make the true state of the case thoroughly understood on the Continent. A decisive statement of our rights in present circumstances may prevent far more serious perplexities at a later stage.

AT DUBLIN AND MARYBOROUGH.—We do not love Mr. Parnell, as we hold him to be largely responsible for the reign of terror which has so long afflicted Ireland; but we cannot deny that he is a man of power. Of course this is partly because he swims with the stream, but then, like all men of political ability, he has greatly helped to make the stream go the way he wanted it. What a contrast to poor Mr. Forster, who had better have stayed at home remodelling School Boards, instead of meddling with Irish politics. He, poor helpless soul, is struggling against the stream, backed by the timid approval of "respectable" Ireland, and hampered by the ill-concealed disapproval of some of his Jacobin colleagues. For all practical purposes Parnell is King over three-fourths of Ireland, and therefore we are bound to study His Majesty's royal utterances. At Dublin, during the grand torchlight demonstration of Sunday, he was full of fervid enthusiasm and patriotism. The detested alien rule, with its buckshot and its bayonets, was to be swept clear over the Channel, though, of course, by strictly constitutional means. "We ask that Irishmen shall make laws on Irish soil for Irishmen." And his lieutenant, Mr. Sexton, was still more emphatic. "The night of slavery is dying out, the rosy dawn is breaking, and Ireland will soon be independent." But to show the versatility of this clever Americo-Hibernian, next day, at Maryborough, Mr. Parnell drops all this "lion-and-unicorn" style, as one of the Irish papers calls it, and becomes as matter of fact as the secretary of a charitable society reading out a list of subscriptions. At Dublin he never said a word about the Land Act. Why mention the laborious and clumsy legislation of the hated Saxon to a people who presently meant to make their own laws on College Green? But at Maryborough the Land Act was the chief dish in his oratorical effort. He carefully advised the farmers how to use it, recommending Mr. Healy's lately-published key. The tenants were by no means to reject it, or any part of it. He even told them how to borrow money over it. The Government just now are thankful for small mercies, and one of their principal supporters, the highly philosophical *Pall Mall Gazette*, goes into ecstasies over Mr. Parnell's speech, saying in so many words, "Who said our Land Act was a dead failure? Why, here is Mr. C. S. Parnell actually recommending it!" Poor, feeble, nerveless Government, pleased to be patted on the back even by such an arch-enemy as Mr. Parnell!

THE TRANSVAAL.—Last week we expressed our conviction that England would soon have new difficulties to contend with in the Transvaal, and this view has been speedily confirmed. So serious are the troubles in that country that instructions have been sent to England "not to despatch transports, as the regiments will have to remain longer." The Volksraad manifests an exceedingly obstinate temper, and it would have been surprising if they had done anything else. English Liberals continually reiterate that in granting peace to the Boers after they had repeatedly defeated our troops we gave the whole world an example of justice and magnanimity. We do not doubt that the Government, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of their policy, were animated by excellent motives; but the Boers may be excused if they take quite a different view of the matter, and contend that, as we gave way to pressure before, we may be induced to do so again. It is possible that their expectations may be justified by the event, for in matters of this kind Mr. Gladstone's powers of concession are not easily exhausted. Most Englishmen, however, are likely to be of opinion that the Boers have received as much independence as they are able or disposed to make a good use of. Any further claims that they may assert are certain to be claims, however disguised, for larger power over the native population. Surely on this point the country has a right to demand that the Government shall be firm. By all means let the Boers govern themselves; but England ought to prevent them, even at some risk, from disposing as they please of the rights of the unfortunate blacks who were formerly at their mercy.

AYOUB'S DEFEAT.—The other day it was "Ayoub's victory," and it is not at all unlikely that it may be Ayoub's victory again before long. Abdul Rahman's success was not a genuine military success, he did not defeat his foe in the field, and then pursue him till he had thoroughly broken his power to pieces; his victory, such as it was, resulted from treachery, and that treachery was probably due to the superior weight of Abdul Rahman's purse. How the merchants and shopkeepers of Candahar must hate us, who are the cause of their present miseries! A German army, intent on securing ornamental clocks, is bad enough in the plundering way, as many a Frenchman knows; but how infinitely worse is the half-barbarian Afghan, ready, if need be, to extort treasure by torture. The Candahari tradesman may well say to us, "Why did you ever come here unless you meant to stay?" Of course the answer to the question is simple enough, though it would not satisfy the commercial world of Candahar. England is subject to fits. In 1874 she had a Tory fit; in 1880 she had a Whig-Radical fit; and she alters

her policy according to the state she is in. Seriously speaking, it is we who are responsible for the present anarchy in Afghanistan, and there is no saying for how long it may not last, especially as there are other parties (especially a "party" in a fur-coat), who have no desire to see the country at peace.

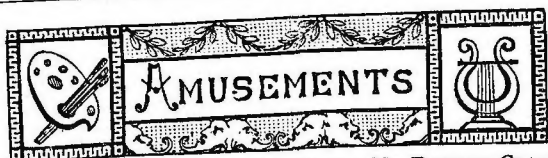
M. GAMBETTA.—There has been a kind of lull in French politics for some time, but it is not likely to last much longer. M. Ferry is not inclined, apparently, to give up the Premiership without a struggle, and M. Grévy would probably be well pleased if the present Ministry could retain office. It will be difficult, however, for the Cabinet to explain satisfactorily the early date of the elections, and it must be aware that a deep and widespread feeling of distrust has been evoked by its innumerable blunders in Tunis. Before the meeting of the Chambers some arrangement may possibly be made which would enable M. Ferry to take office under M. Gambetta; but in any case there can be no doubt that the time for M. Gambetta to assume the first place is now rapidly approaching. He will not become Prime Minister with the *prestige* which he possessed six months ago. His position has been seriously damaged by a series of mishaps, which began with the rejection of *Scrutin de liste* by the Senate. Nobody now thinks of him as a possible Dictator; he is disliked by the Extreme Radicals, and moderate Republicans are not inclined to put much confidence in his professions of Opportunism. M. Gambetta, however, has often shown that he knows how to profit by experience; and he may be prudent enough to lay to heart the rather bitter lessons of recent events. He retains his extraordinary oratorical powers in full vigour, and everybody knows the effect produced on Frenchmen by such eloquence as his. If he has courage to adopt a clear policy, and to abide by it, he may not only recover lost ground; but be all the stronger for the defeats by which he has been lately discouraged.

HOP PICKERS.—The hop-harvest is undeniably a great boon for the poorer Londoners. It gives them an outing (corresponding to the seaside or Continental trip of their richer neighbours), and also enables them to earn some money. But these advantages are accompanied with many disadvantages. There is a great deal of dirt, overcrowding, foul language, drunkenness, and thieving. Hop-farmers, who want to get their crops gathered in, stoically endure these evils, but the non-hop-producing inhabitants of Kent regard with dismay this annual influx of ragamuffins. Not that all the hop-pickers are disreputable. Many of them are decent hard-working people, and it is these decent people who, as much as any one, need protection against the riff-raff, who often make their rural trip, rather for pilfering than for hop-picking purposes. Would it not be possible to organise a Hop Picking League, which should ascertain beforehand how many hands each farmer would be likely to want; which should as much as possible employ those persons who had been employed in the same place the year before; and which should give the hoppers notice when their services were needed so as to avoid their hanging about idling and begging for days in advance. In this way, the mere vagrant and thievish elements might be considerably diminished, while the respectable London poor might obtain something like a genuine autumn excursion untainted by the hardships and annoyances which now too often fall to their lot.

LATE HOURS IN SHOPS.—We are glad to see that shopmen are beginning to agitate in earnest for some diminution of their excessive hours of labour. Many letters on the subject have lately appeared in the newspapers, and it may be hoped that they have excited a little sympathy in the minds of thousands of readers. This is a thoroughly genuine grievance, for it means that multitudes of men and women are condemned to dull routine from morning to night, with hardly a chance of relief in any of the simple and pure enjoyments which are being more and more freely opened to other classes of the community. There is no real reason why those who so justly complain of their hard treatment should not obtain relief. All that is necessary is that "shopping" should be done earlier in the day; and in most cases this could be managed without the slightest difficulty, if people would only take the trouble to reflect how much the happiness of others may be affected by their own promptitude and good-nature. The working classes especially, if they chose, might do a great deal to secure for shop assistants those easier hours which they have so persistently and so successfully laboured to secure for themselves. Nothing can be achieved, however, unless the classes who are directly affected combine to press their claims on the attention of the public. Fortunately they already have, in the Early Closing Association, a powerful and energetic organisation for their purpose, and, if they are prudent, they will unite to give it vigorous support. According to a statement just published by the Association, the portion of its income which is derived from assistants is "less than 1d. per annum per head of those engaged in the metropolis." The leaders of the movement should be able to give a much more satisfactory account than this of the manner in which their efforts are encouraged.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 348 and 357.

OCT. 1, 1881



ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. EDWARD CLARK.
—EVERY EVENING, at 8 punctually, TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.
Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Dion G. Boucicault; Miss L. Meredith, and
Miss Helene Stoejel. At 8.45, a New Drama entitled HONOUR, in which Mr. John
Clayton (by permission of Messrs. Hare and Kendal), Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Arthur
Dacre, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Mr. Henry Neville; Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss
Measor, and Miss Louise Noddie (by permission of Messrs. Hare and Kendal) will
appear.—Box Office open daily from 11 to 5. No Free List.

**SEVENTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR AT
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THE**

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'

FRESH PROGRAMME.
Introduced for the first time on the occasion of the inauguration of their Seventeenth
Year at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, September 19th, will be repeated
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8.
See *The Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, and *Morning Advertiser* for
Tuesday, September 20th, on the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.
Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9 to 3 a.m.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,
under the management of Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, will Reopen
for the Autumn Season on Monday Evening, October 3rd, at St. George's Hall,
Langham Place, with CHERRY TREE FARM, YE FANCIE FAIRE, 1881, and
ALL AT SEA. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at eight. Thursday
and Saturday at three. Admission, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

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Summers; Messrs. Howe, Leslie, Cameron, Lewis, Allen. Saturday only, SWEENEY
TODD. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Messrs. S. and A. Crauford.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.
—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. N. CHART.—On Monday, Oct. 3,
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Post free 6d. The books and any information can be obtained free of the West End
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Street Station, London, E.C.

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VOLUME XXIII.

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SCENE OF THE GOLDAU LANDSLIP

THE recent terrible disaster which befell Elm, in the Canton of
Glarus, recalls the memorable landslide of the Rossberg, which, in
1806, completely buried the large and prosperous village of Goldau.
Goldau lies between the Lakes of Zug and Lowerz, to the eastward
of the famous panoramic mountain, the Rigi. The Rossberg, which
rises above the village of Goldau, is composed of a conglomerate,
consisting chiefly of rounded limestone and flint pebbles imbedded
in a calcareous cement. The rock is veined with layers of sand,
and, if the sand is washed out by water, the rock itself is apt to be
precipitated in masses into the valley below. On the 2nd of
September, 1806, about 5 P.M., the preceding summer having been
very rainy, a mass of rocky conglomerate, a thousand feet long and a
hundred feet thick, was hurled down from a height of 3,000 feet,
swallowing up four villages with 500 of their inhabitants, and filling
up one-fourth of the Lake of Lowerz, the overflow of which, the
water rising like a wall eighty feet high, caused fresh disasters.
Time has covered the fragments of rock with moss and other vegeta-
tion; but the crack of the landslide may be distinctly traced on the
side of the Rossberg, which is still entirely barren. The scene of
devastation extends from the summit of the Rossberg to the base of,
and a considerable way up, the Rigi.—Our view is taken from the
last-named mountain.

THE ROYAL PRINCES AT THE ANTIPODES

THE Detached Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral
the Earl of Clanwilliam, and composed of H.M.S. *Instant*
(flagship), *Tourmaline*, *Clopatra*, and *Caryfort*, arrived and
anchored in Port Jackson on the morning of July 14th. It will be
remembered that the *Backante*, having fractured her helm off
Cape Leeuwin, was compelled to put into Albany for repairs, which
gave the young Princes an opportunity of seeing something of
Western Australia. These repairs were afterwards permanently
executed at Melbourne.

The visit of the Squadron to Sydney was made the occasion of
various ceremonies and festivities. Thus the Governor of New
South Wales, Lord Augustus Loftus, was received on board the

flagship, the yard-arms of the whole Squadron being manned; a
grand ball was given in the Exhibition building by John Harris,
Esq., the Mayor of Sydney; the German residents of Sydney gave a
serenade with the electric light to the Fleet; and an excursion was
made by railway to some of the most picturesque spots in the Blue
Mountains.

One of our engravings represents the laying of the foundation-stone
of the pedestal for Marshall Wood's statue of the Queen. This
ceremony took place on August 2nd, in the reserve at the top of
King Street, opposite St. James's Church, Sydney. The stone was
laid by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Her Majesty's grandson. There
was a procession composed of school children and members of
Friendly Societies, who in passing the Princes sang "God save the
Queen" and "God bless the Prince of Wales."—A gloom was
thrown over the conclusion of the visit by the sudden illness
of the Earl of Clanwilliam. Perhaps this event was in some
degree the cause of the sudden departure of the Squadron from
Port Jackson, depicted in our second engraving. The intended visit
of the Squadron to Brisbane took everybody in Sydney by surprise,
even the sailors on board the ships not being aware of the fact until
one hour before sailing.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr.
McLeod, of Sydney.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS AT VENICE

THE Members of the Geographical Congress which has been
sitting at Venice during the past fortnight have been the object of
much hospitable solicitude on the part of the Venetians, who,
mindful of the old adage, that "All work and no play makes Jack a
dull boy," have provided no lack of entertainment for their scientific
guests. Thus, on the 15th ult., there was a magnificent illumina-
tion of the Piazza di San Marco and of the Isola San Giorgio
Maggiore—the former alone absorbing 85,959 lamps. On Sunday, the
18th ult., took place one of the regattas for which Venice is so
celebrated. Nine gondolas, or rather gondolettas, competed, four
prizes were given, the chief amounting to 167. The racing craft
were accompanied by a number of large barge-gondolas, fantastically
decorated, in which were accommodated the municipal authorities.
After the race there was a "Corso di Gala," in which these barges
and a number of private gondolas formed an escort to the Royal
Gondola, which contained the King and Queen, and which was
propelled by gondoliers dressed in red livery and black hats with
gold bands. Each of the barge gondolas had at its bow
some large figure-head, or representation of some animal, and the
gondoliers, eight in number, wore most rich and striking costumes.
"For instance," *The Times* correspondent tells us, "there was one
barge with a seal at its bow and a bear at its stern, propelled by
gondoliers in Esquimaux dresses."

Notwithstanding the various festivities the Congress has worked
hard, and numerous interesting papers have been read and discus-
sions arisen respecting various abstruse and vexed questions
relating to geographical science, while there has also been a large
and comprehensive Exhibition to which most countries have con-
tributed, in the form of maps, books of travel, photographs,
educational appliances, surveying and meteorological instruments.
France also sends some costume groups of Breton and other
peasants.

AN ASCENT OF THE JUNGFAU, SWITZERLAND

As every one knows who has been to Interlaken, or still better to
the Wengernalp, the Jungfrau is one of the loveliest of Swiss moun-
tains in outward aspect, and well deserves its name of "Young Maiden."
It is 13,671 feet high, and the summits and higher slopes are covered
with snow of a brilliant purity, while the lower regions present a
boundless expanse of snow and glaciers. Since 1811, when the
summit was reached for the first time by the two Meyers of Aarau,
the ascent, though very fatiguing, has been frequently accomplished,
even by ladies. The Silberhorn, once deemed inaccessible, was
ascended for the first time, August 4th, 1863, by Edward von
Fellenberg and Karl Baedeker (author of the famous "Guides").

The ascent depicted in our engravings was probably the last
ascent of the Jungfrau in the year 1880. It was made on October
15th from Grindelwald, with Peter Schlegel as first guide. "The
snow," says one of the climbers, "had come very low down, almost
to the valleys, so at an early stage of the ascent snow-gaiters had to
be donned. After passing the Engli Rock (which was not so bad
as it looked), a steady tramp over the snow-covered Viescher glacier
brought us nearly under the Bergli Rocks. For several hours we
were climbing the much-broken glacier, sometimes up to the waist
in snow. The sun set gloriously, and the moon came out and was
shining brilliantly by the time we reached the Bergli hut, glad of
its shelter from the keen air (the tea carried by the guides had been
frozen on the way). The stars were shining brilliantly the next
morning as, with the aid of a lantern, we scrambled over the roof
and up the Bergli Rocks. After traversing an ice-covered ridge,
the lantern was put out, and for five or six hours we tramped
through snow almost knee-deep, passed the Viescher Grat, Mönch
Joch, crossed the head of the Aletsch glacier, and were glad to get
on firm ice again. The glacier below the Rothal Sattel was in a
very difficult condition, and great care and patience were necessary
in scaling the steep, icy walls, one hundred yards of which took
more than an hour to get over. After lunch on the Sattel, the last
slope was attacked, and at 3 P.M. we gained the summit. The sky
opposite the sun was very dark, of an intense blue, but the wind
was very cutting, and quickly drove us down. We passed through
the cornice of the Sattel safely, and descended to the Aletsch glacier,
down which we tramped slowly, the increasing darkness at last
compelling us to take shelter in the Faulberg hut, which was reached
at 8 P.M. Owing to the depth of snow, we had been fifteen hours
on our legs."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Albert
Starling.

THE STEAM-SHIP "CEYLON"

See page 347

"THE NAUGHTY BOY"

APART from landscape and seascape the modern British artist,
judging from the more or less tame repetitions of conventional ideas
which often decorate the walls of our picture exhibitions, is not gifted
with much fertility of invention. Nor is humour one of his most
conspicuous traits. It is, therefore, rather refreshing to come across
a picture like this of Mr. Garland's, which has a spice of innocent
fun about it. The little boy has been placed upon the chair as a
punishment, either for being a dunce, or for some other naughti-
ness; but, then, the martyrdom of this involuntary Simon Stylites
is considerably mitigated by the fact that the old gentleman (grand-
father or pedagogue) has dozed off into the Land of Dreams, and that
the noble hound, surprised to find his young master motionless and
perched up aloft, is smelling at him with such solemn earnestness
that he will probably provoke a scream of laughter which will wake
the old man, and, as the Americans say, "raise Cain" generally.

THE HOP HARVEST HOME

A FULL account of hop-gathering is given on page 350, and there-
fore we need not enlarge on this picture, which represents a scene
more often realised in the remoter districts, where the picking is
done by friends and neighbours of the farmer, than where a horde
of dirty and, as a rule, not very respectable strangers pour in to
effect the operation. Modern life is, in many respects, so very
prosaic and unpicturesque that we should be sorry if such a scene
as is here depicted were altogether to vanish from the British
landscape.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS

OUR first sketch shows the Tunisian town of Susa, which was
occupied by the French last month, and where a few weeks
previously considerable excitement was aroused by the murder of a
Maltese—a British subject. In the disturbed state of the Beylik, it
was feared that this outrage foreshadowed a general massacre of the
Christians, and a small force of marines were despatched from
the British Fleet to the shore in order, if necessary, to protect
British subjects. They were, however, not required, and our
correspondent writes, "The reports in the London papers are
exaggerated. Great precautions are taken by the Safety Committee
to prevent armed Arabs coming into the town. If they want to
enter for the purposes of trade, they must leave their arms at the
gate, where they receive a ticket, similar to that given for walking-
sticks and umbrellas to visitors at the British Museum or National
Gallery. The arms are duly returned when their owners leave the
city. It is quite unsafe, however, to venture outside the walls.
Another Maltese was murdered a few days ago when visiting his
garden, notwithstanding having been warned against doing so." Susa
is one of the most important and richest towns in Tunis, and is
picturesquely situated on a hill jutting out into the sea.

The second illustration represents the occupation by the French
of the fortress of Hamamet, a place midway between Tunis and
Susa, on August 31st. The landing was effected without opposition
within eight miles of the spot where the French column had been
defeated a few days previously. All communication between this place
and any land centre had been so completely cut off that, until the
arrival of the troops, the inhabitants were actually unaware that any
encounter had taken place.

PEARL FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF

THE pearl banks lie from twenty to thirty miles north of
Bahrein, the chief port on the southern shore of the Gulf.
Hundreds of boats are employed in the fishery. They differ in
size, but are alike in build. They are very elegantly shaped, and
are both fast and picturesque. These vessels are manned by mixed
crews of Gulf Arabs, Sidi Arabs (that is, naturalised Africans of
the Zanzibar type), and a sprinkling of Persians. The fishing
season begins at the end of the "Barrah Shamal," or period of
strong north-westerly winds, which blow furiously during July, August,
and September, and continues for the rest of the year, a month or
two of winter excepted, when the thermometer sinks to freezing-
point, and snowstorms are not unknown. The Arabs can stand the
suffocating heat of summer, but do not care to face the winter cold.

The irregular grouping of the graceful prows of the fishing-boats
renders the scene on the "banks" very picturesque, and the effect
is enhanced by the constant shifting of position of the less fortunate
members of this enormous "Mosquito Fleet."

The work is carried on throughout the day actively and merrily by
the swarthy pearl-hunters. They are free from responsibility, but
undergo no small bodily risk. They are employed by contractors
(Bunyahs), chiefly Hindoos, who are business-like calculating men.
These Bunyahs, again, are under the control of the pearl-merchants,
who buy the produce of the fishery wholesale.

From dawn to dusk the divers go down into the sea, at intervals
of from ten to twenty minutes, staying from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 minutes
under water. Before immersion they pray devoutly to "Allah" for
protection against their enemies the ground-sharks. They also
wear "charms" made of bone and amber, blessed by their priest,
who, while they are under water, assumes a devotional attitude, and
mutter a continuous and monotonous intoned prayer.

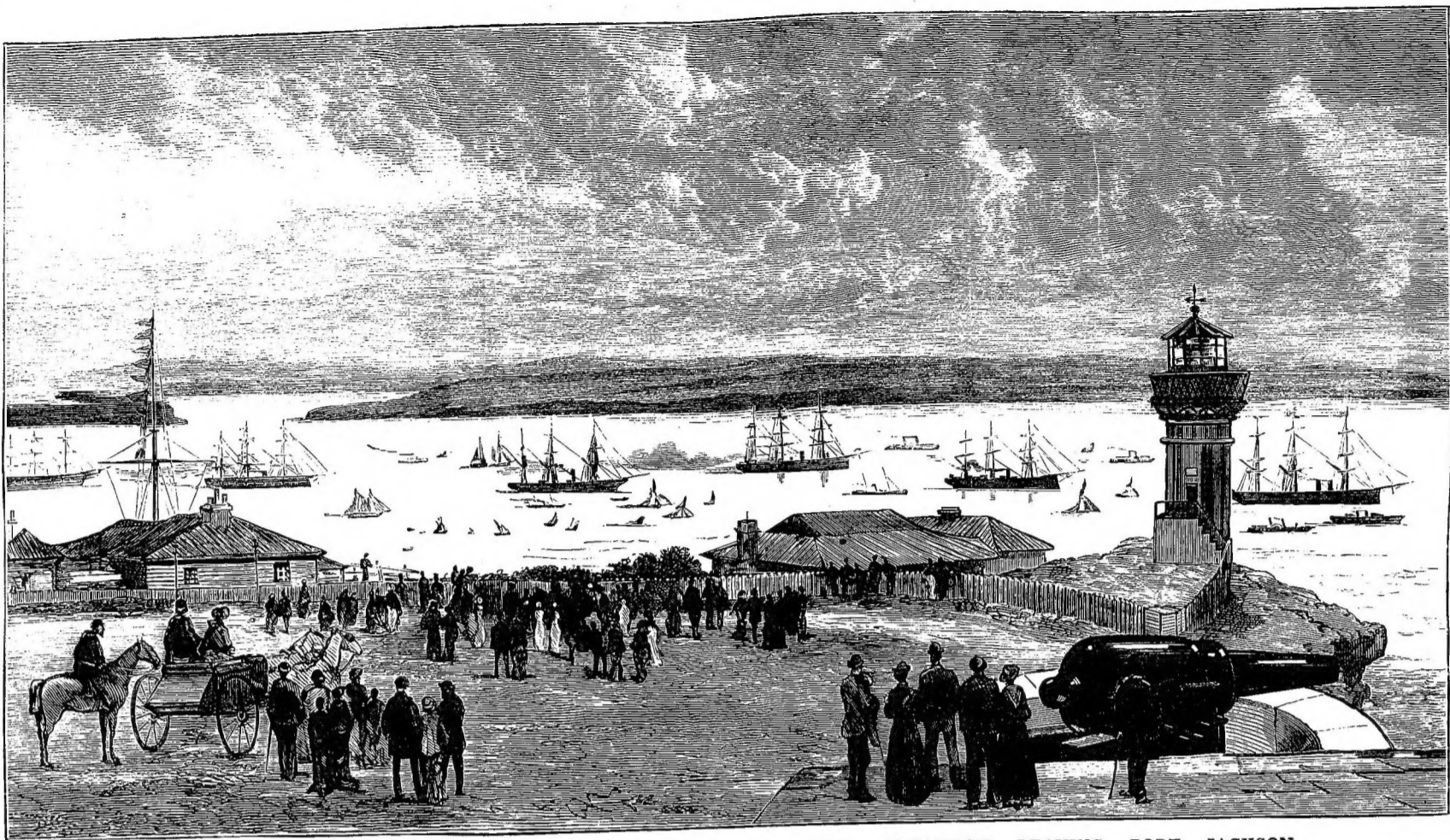
When the boats are laden with pearl-oysters, they sail for
Bahrein. The cargo is piled up in heaps on the bench, and left to
decompose under the broiling sun. After this the decayed portion
separates easily from the pearls, which lie between the flesh and the
shell. Then they are washed, sorted according to size and lustre,
and sold to the merchants. Disputes among the pearl-fishers often
take place, and sometimes a British gun-boat has to intervene to
prevent bloodshed.

The fishing apparatus consists of a strong line with heavy weight
attached; a pair of *pinne-nez*, something like a clothes-peg, which
prevents the water passing through the nostrils during the diver's
rapid descent feet foremost; a basket, into which the oysters are
scooped with the right hand from the rocky or sandy bottom; and
sometimes, but not often, a knife for self-defence. The left hand
retains its hold of the line, which is never let go. The diver is
hauled up by the attendants overhead, as, being laden with oysters,
he cannot help himself. The divers are well-paid, found in the
necessaries of life, and have constant employment.—Our engravings
are from sketches by Mr. Clarence C. Hearsey, I.I.M. Indian
Marine.

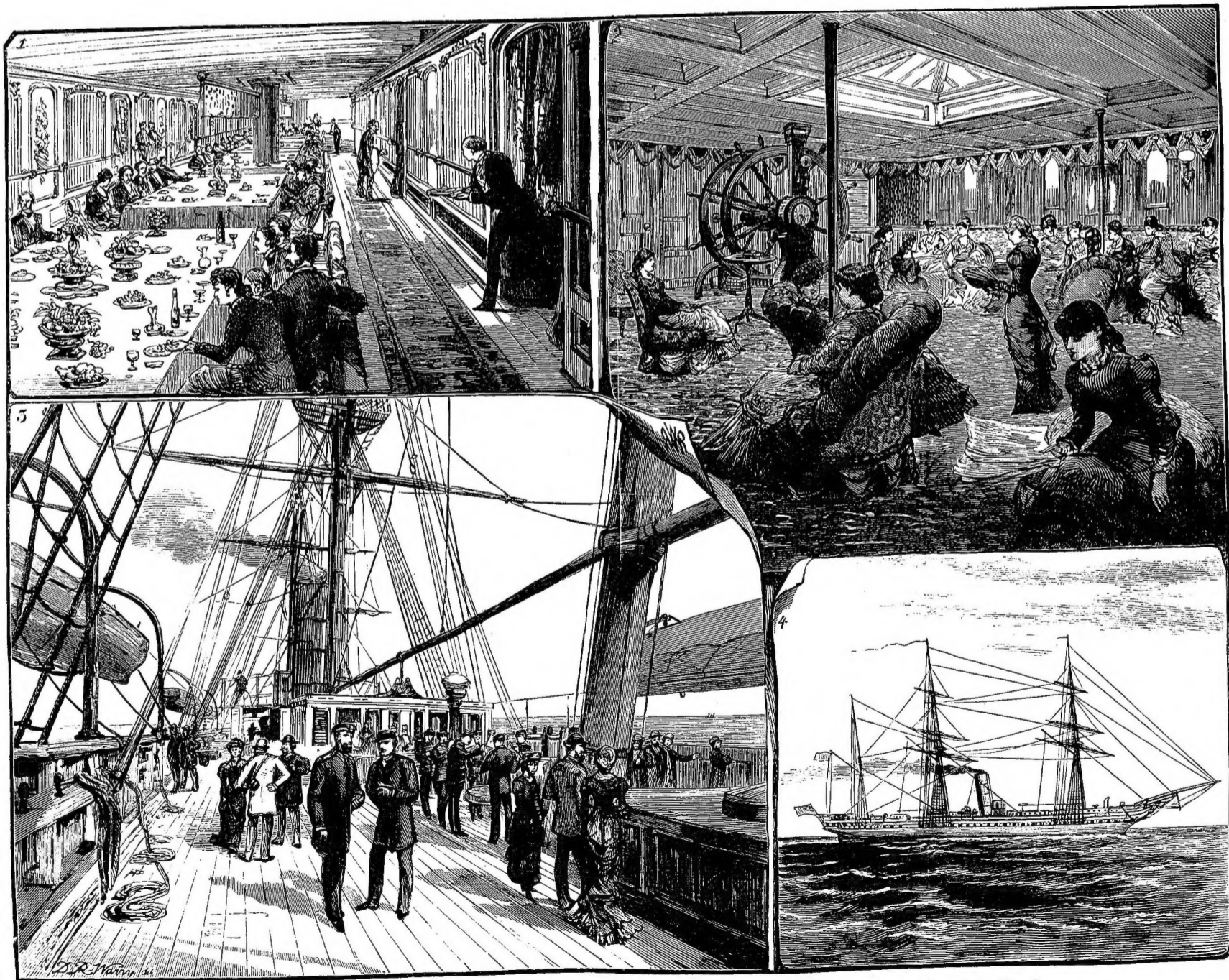
IN THE GREAT NORTH WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—VI.

LORD LORNE and his suite left Winnipeg on Monday, August
8th, travelling a hundred and twelve miles by train, to the extreme
limit of the railroad, which is now being rapidly pushed forward
at the rate of a mile and a half a day. Each of the party advanced
the iron way a few yards by laying a sleeper in commemoration of
the day, and after the works had been completely inspected, the
Governor-General and his companions entered the covered spring
carts in which they were to make the remainder of their journey
to the Rocky Mountains. One of these has been depicted by our
artist, and is thus described by the able *Scotsman* correspondent:
"They are lighter than seated carriages, carrying six persons, and
drawn by four horses, and have been made expressly for the
expedition. The backs of the seats fold down, turning the carriage
into a comfortable bed or ambulance in case of hurt or sickness."
After a few miles drive the little caravan halted, and camped out
for the night. The camp was under the management of the military
secretary, Colonel de Winton, and comprised 77 men, 96 horses, 27
vehicles, and 21 tents. There were 47 men of the Mounted Police,
of whom 22 formed the escort, the rest being in charge of the trans-
port. The chief hindrance to the enjoyment of camp life in the
Far West is the number of mosquitoes, who have to be combated
by a huge mosquito net, similar to that shown in our artist's sketch
of *The Times* correspondent in his wigwam. These nets are made
of fine netting in the form of a bag, large enough to cover the camp
bed when needed, and terminating in a cone, which is fastened to
the top bar of the tent, and is kept distended by three thin bits of
cane which join together in a hoop. A start was made early next
morning, and for two days the march was continued westward,
through vast fertile plains, covered with succulent grasses, or,
where cultivated, with rich crops of oats and wheat, the average
yield per acre being from 25 to 30 bushels of wheat, 50 to 70 of oats,
50 to 60 of barley, and 300 to 400 bushels of potatoes. On the 10th
of August Rapid City was reached, and the march was further con-
tinued for two days, through a country rich in black loamy soil, past
Salt Lake to the Birtle Valley; and on Saturday, the 13th of August,
the Assiniboine was crossed, and Fort Ellice, 250 miles from Win-
nipeg, was reached. Various settlers had been interviewed on the
way, and their accounts appear to have been uniformly eulogistic of
the richness of the soil and its marvellous fertility, while the climate,
though cold in the winter, was pronounced superior to that of
Ontario, whence a large proportion of the settlers appear to have
come.

To quote an extract from our artist's diary. He writes:—"We
left camp about nine on the 13th, and walked on, some of us shoot-
ing prairie chickens, until we came to the bluff of a hill overlooking
the country. Fort Ellice was in sight. The carriages overtaking

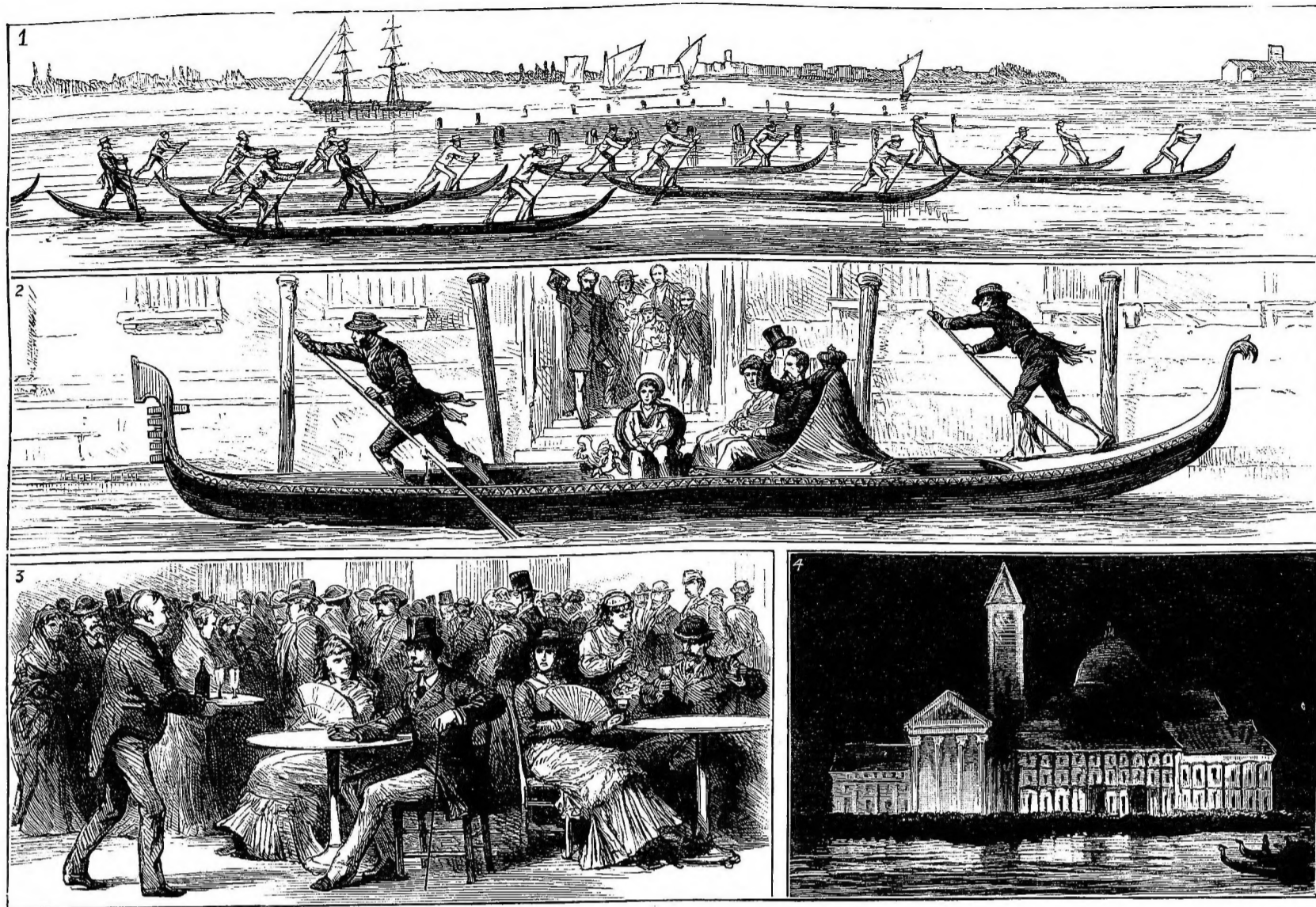


THE YOUNG PRINCES AT THE ANTIPODES—THE DETACHED SQUADRON LEAVING PORT JACKSON

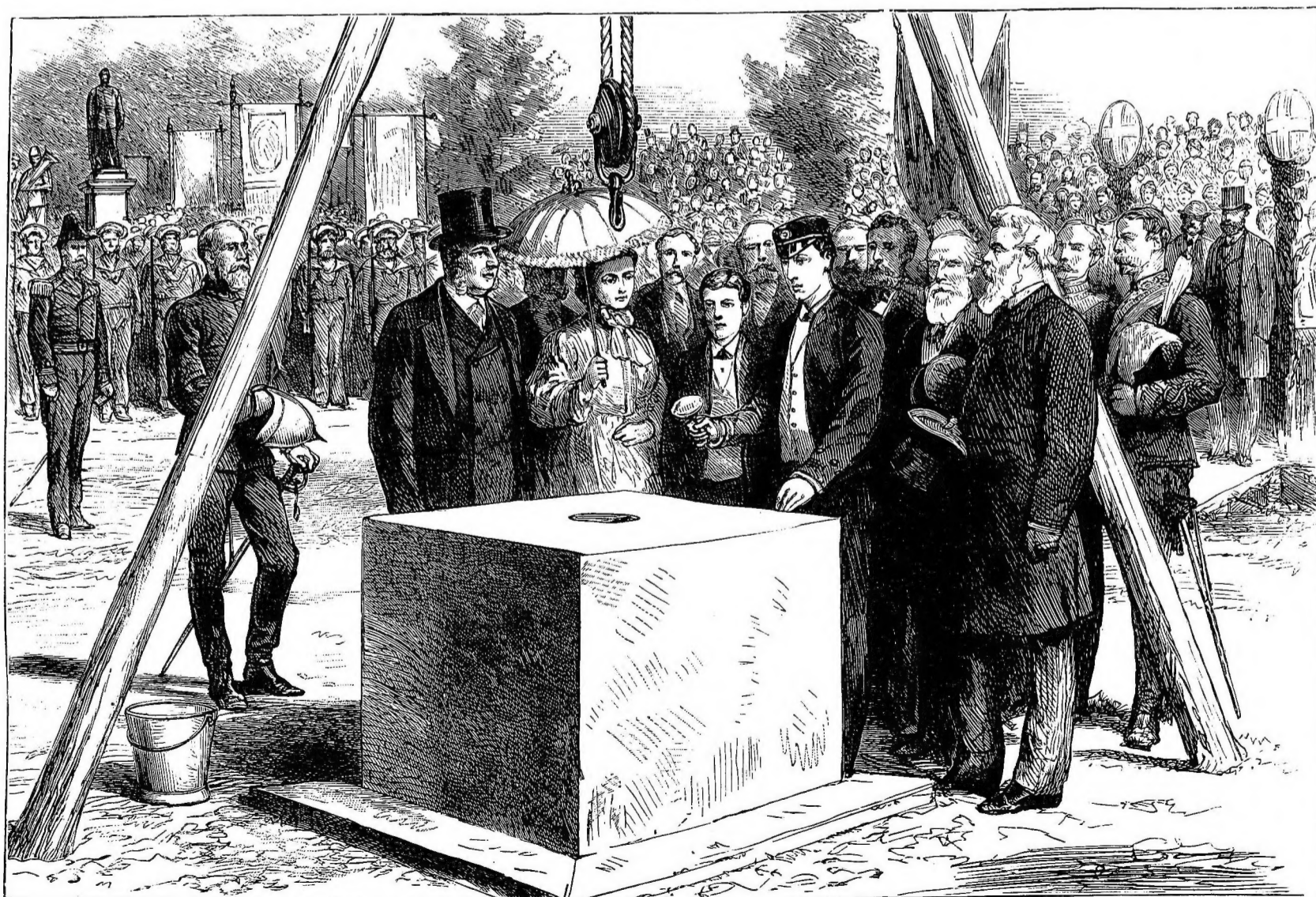


1. The Dining Saloon.—2. The Ladies' Boudoir.—3. Deck View of the Vessel Looking Forward.—4. General View of the Vessel.

THE YACHT CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD—NOTES ON BOARD THE INTER-OCEANIC YACHTING COMPANY'S STEAM SHIP "CEYLON"



1. The Regatta : Race of Gondolettas.—2. The King's Gondola.—3. On the Piazza, St. Mark's.—4. St. George's Island Illuminated.
THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS AT VENICE—THE FÊTES



THE YOUNG PRINCES AT THE ANTIPODES—PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE PEDESTAL FOR A STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

us, we drove to the brink of the hill overlooking the Assiniboine, on the other side of which was the fort. To the left was the Hudson's Bay Store House, flying the British flag with the letters 'H. B. C.' on it; further down, the steamer *Marquette*, from Grand Valley last night; and to the right was a tent, Mr. Howard's Forwarding Stores. Our horses were got on to the ferry-boat, team by team, without difficulty, the boat being pulled across the stream hand over hand by the rope. The Assiniboine is not so broad nor so red here as at Winnipeg.

"Fort Ellice," continues our artist, "consists of a house of two storeys, surrounded by one-storeyed outhouses, used as dwellings and stores. The whole is enclosed by a stockade of pointed logs, and about seven feet high. It stands on the brink of the ravine of the Assiniboine. The Governor-General and staff sat under the porch of the house, and a grand Indian Pow-wow was held.

"The profile of the Indian chief, Waywaysacapo, struck us all by his likeness to Mr. Gladstone. The interpretation of his name (the man who always stands on, as some said, is right) seemed, at least to the Liberals of the party, peculiarly appropriate. The interpreter told him how like he was to the greatest of the chiefs of England. He did not, however, seem to appreciate the honour—only saying 'Gha-gha,' and bystanders whispered, 'He thinks you are bantering him—they're pretty 'cute, you bet.' I asked another great chief, Ice-Thunder-Bird—no he was only the head fighting man—to sit to me; but he held out his hand, and said 'Give five dollars.' In my sketch of another chief, 'Cote,' I show the Government scarlet coat which is given to the chiefs. He is wearing the 'Lorne and Louise' which was given to him by the Governor-General at the Fort Ellice Pow-wow."

Sunday was spent in Fort Ellice, where Divine Service was performed to the largest congregation which had ever been assembled there, and then the journey was resumed through yet another huge plain for 125 miles, when, on August 17th, Fort Qu'Appelle was reached. This fort is situated on the river of the same name, which flows through a deep ravine which begins abruptly and deepens with startling suddenness. Our artist writes:—

"The Reveille sounded at five. I was up before it, looking at the most magnificent sunrise. The valley ran east and west. Violet and daffodil were the prevailing colours. Suddenly the trumpet sounded. 'Qu'Appelle?' An old *voyageur* is said to have given the name to the valley. He thought he heard a voice calling him by name, and answered 'Qu'Appelle?' Turning round the sky was streaked with rosy clouds, and the long line of horses was being driven into camp. We were in a valley of flowers,—wild roses more than any. The sides of the valley are hard to describe. The flat table was scalloped by zigzag ravines, the bluffs between which were themselves scalloped by smaller ones. The sides descended at an angle of about 30°.

"So it runs on for miles. We crossed a river—the water up to the horses' bellies.

"When we halted for lunch sundry half-castes had joined our camp. Their ponies sometimes carry the Mexican saddle, sometimes the regular Indian 'pad.' They had brought a message from the 'Catholic Mission' where we were to halt. On again. The valley still the same, but suddenly the river swells into a lake."

Next day there was the inevitable Pow-wow with the Indians—Crees and Saulteux, with a sprinkling of Stoney and Sioux. Our artist has depicted the scene in the yard. The buffalo dancers are on the left, the tent of the staff behind, and the guard of honour on the right. He sketched several of the most noteworthy Indians. Osop is a headman—the head fighting man of this branch of the Saulteux Indians. He is also their best speaker, and, our artist tells us, distinguished himself by an eloquent oration delivered with magnificent gesture, and, what is rare amongst the Indians, kept wholly to the point. His dress was trimmed with beaver skin and beads, and his cap was of beaver, with the tail hanging down the neck. This he gave to the Marquis. The outline intended for a moose, drawn with great difficulty by himself, is his totem, and is the same as that of Waywaysacapo—also a Saulteux. The sketch of the man who did not want a pipe of tobacco represents an Indian who followed our artist to his tent, ostensibly for some of the "fragrant weed." "I gave him," he writes, "nearly a whole packet of 'Vanity Fair.' He turned up his nose, and said in the best of English, 'Give me twenty-five cents.' I recovered the tobacco, and gave him the requested coin, but then he exclaimed, 'Give me another!' 'Little Black Bear' portrays the daughter of a Cree Chief. After much coy indecision the little lady was induced to throw off her blanket before me. She disclosed a tiny little figure clad in a mantle of beads, striped with lines of yellow and green thrown over a leathern (moose or caribou leather, I suppose) caftan fringed with strips in the ordinary Indian way. This was bound tight at the waist by a belt studded with a bright steel buckle. She lifted the skirt and showed her beaded moccasins and leggings. Her arms were covered with bangles and her hands with silver rings. She was twenty, and the only and petted daughter of Black Bear, a Cree chief.

"At Fort Qu'Appelle some of us were accommodated with the luxury of a bed-room. On looking out of my window I saw that it had become necessary to turn out the Indians, who had crowded within the stockade. The square-cut hole in the top was barricaded by a cart wheel, through which numbers of weird heads were soon peering. A sturdy little Scotch boy (Master Duncan McLean), with a toy wheelbarrow behind him, was guarding the passage—"The Captain of the Gate."

A MIDNIGHT RAILWAY TRIP TO TINTERN ABBEY

This excursion, which took place on the 8th ult., is thus described by one who joined in it:—"We were a snug party of five, the only passengers who got in at Caerleon; but if the inhabitants of that once famous town did not patronise the excursion such could not be said of Newport and Cardiff, for a very long train was well filled, and a large contingent was added to the number of sight-seers at Pontnewydd, Pontypool Road, Usk, and Monmouth. A halt was made at Raglan, but very few alighted to view the ruins of the castle, the majority of the passengers regarding Tintern by lunar light as preferable. When we got there we found excursionists who had arrived before us from Hereford, Ross, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, so that the total number present that evening was not far short of 1,500. But those who expected to see the Abbey by moonlight were greatly disappointed. It had been cloudy all the afternoon, and occasionally a shower came down, which rather damped the ardour of some who were inclined to scale Windcliffe Crags. When darkness set in the moon made frantic attempts to break through the clouds, and for a short time appeared as if about to succeed. During those bright moments there was a rush into the Abbey; the door-keeper being kept well employed in receiving admission fees. We were fortunate enough to be amongst the number who got in at the opportune moment, and had a glimpse of the moon shining through the grand old east window, but in less than ten minutes all was obscured by thick clouds, and though many waited, expecting another favourable break, they were disappointed. There was no *Lleer yn arianu lli* (moon silvering the stream) to be that night again. A shower caused a hasty dispersion of the visitors, and soon all were making for the station, whence we steamed away homewards, but did not reach Caerleon until one o'clock next morning."

—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff.

CEYLON: "WAITING FOR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR"

This engraving, which is from a photograph, represents a triumphal arch, erected in July last, on the boundary of Talpe

Pattu (a petty division of the Southern Province of Ceylon), as a token of welcome to the Lieutenant-Governor, who was then making his customary official tour through the island. It was 60 feet in height, and was constructed of areca-nut trees, decorated with all kinds of indigenous flowers, fruits, and leaves, whilst the British flag waved from the summit. The principal personage of the group which stands in front of this picturesque erection is the "Mudaliyar," or head-man of the village, who is a Government official, as well as a native chief. His costume is of a very costly character, consisting of a broad-cloth coat with golden buttons and loops, a curiously-shaped head-dress, profusely ornamented with gold, cloth boots, stockings of silk, and a kind of skirt of the same material in lieu of trousers. A gold lace belt and a silver-mounted sword are the insignia of his office. He has a body-guard of two native soldiers, and with him are other native dignitaries of the village, his "Aratchier" or secretary, and a crowd of residents, who heartily cheered when the Lieutenant-Governor and his suite arrived, and again when, after thanking them for the demonstration, he started on his way to the next village, Mataru, some twenty-five miles distant.

MR. GLADSTONE AT DEAL CASTLE

THE Premier's visit to Deal Castle was made almost immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, and during his stay, which lasted several days, he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the rest and quiet of the place after the arduous work of the Session. On the Sundays, August 28 and Sept. 4, he attended Divine service at several different churches, and on other days spent most of his time in strolling along the sea shore, or upon the ramparts of the castle, Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, the Earl and Countess of Sydney, and Miss Alma Paget being his almost constant companions. The whole of this party appears in our engraving, which is from a very excellent photograph by Mr. T. Berryman, of Victoria Road Studio, Deal, who states that it was only after much persuasion from Miss Gladstone that the Premier agreed to grant him a sitting. His objection being at last overcome he submitted with a good grace, laughing and jesting with the Countess Sydney whilst the preparations were being made, a fact which accounts for the happy expression of his features as they appear in the picture. Mr. Gladstone posed himself, although the artist suggested his seat and placed the rest of the group in position. The photograph, though taken under the difficult conditions of a bright light, with a glaring top background, was very successful, and copies of it, with the six autographs attached, are being sold as fast as they can be printed. The lens used was a "Dallmeyer's Rapid Rectilinear," and the exposure half a second with small stop. An instantaneous gelatine bromide dry plate was used, and developed some hours afterwards.



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CITY.—The Court of Common Council last week had a lively debate upon a proposal made by Mr. J. Cox, to present Mr. Gladstone with an address, and to ask him to sit for a marble bust to be placed in the Guildhall. One of the objectors said that it was an attempt to bribe the Government (an expression which was afterwards withdrawn), whilst others regarded it as inopportune, and denied the right of the Council to speak for the citizens upon such a question. Mr. Deputy Rudkin said that some of the speakers had covered themselves with shame and dishonour, and declared that as a Conservative he was ashamed of his party. The resolution was ultimately carried by 104 to 14, but opposition to it is still being carried on by the issue of anonymous circulars, suggesting that the Court should re-discuss the resolution *in camera*.

THE LAND QUESTION IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—Meetings of dissatisfied farmers continue to be held in various parts of the country, and the subject is now frequently alluded to by prominent public speakers. Lord Spencer, the Lord President of the Council, in a speech at Northampton the other day, said that within the next few sessions they might expect to see a reform of the law, giving every possible encouragement to tenant farmers to improve their farms. Lord Combermere, too, speaking at an agricultural meeting in Cheshire, advised landlords to improve the land as much as they could, and thus improve the condition of their suffering tenantry, whom he counselled to take heart and stick to their tasks, for they had a climate, soil, and knowledge inferior to none, and could beat the world. At Lawrence Kirk, Kincardineshire, on Monday, a large meeting of farmers passed resolutions demanding an immediate reform of the land laws and the reduction of rent. A letter from Sir J. Elphinstone has been published, in which he says that he is not "aware of any agricultural depression in this part of the country, nor of any perceptible detriment arising from the introduction of foreign cattle." Mr. D. Curror, the Secretary to the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, has prepared a draft Land Bill for Scotland, a summary of which appeared in *The Times* on Thursday.

THE "FAIR TRADE" advocates have this week had what our American cousins would call a real bad time. Sir Wilfrid Lawson led off with the statement that if Sir Stafford Northcote jumped down from the rail on which he was now standing on the side of Fair Trade, he would go to the country with three R's, "Randolph, Reciprocity, and Rubbish." Next came the report of the special meeting of the Birmingham Trades Council, held to consider the expulsion of its delegates from the Trades Union Congress. Messrs. Harlow and Maddocks were catechised, and had to admit that they had received money from "merchants and others connected with the sugar interests in London," and the result was that the Council adopted resolutions condemning them for their want of candour, and declaring that the Trades Union Congress exercised a wise and just discretion in vindicating its representative character by the exclusion of delegates in the pay of associations foreign to Trade Unions. Perhaps, however, the unkindest cut of all was that administered by Mr. Alderman Cotton at the luncheon in connection with the Leather Trades' Exhibition, when he suggested that the word "Fair" in the name of the League should be changed to "Foul," and went on to express his conviction that any return to the system of Protection would be disastrous to the country.

IRELAND.—No sign has yet appeared of any likelihood of improvement in the general condition of the country, although the return to tranquillity and order in the district of Kilmallock, Limerick, has been sufficient to satisfy the Lords Justices that Father Sheehy and the five other suspects who belong to that place might be released. This was accordingly done on Tuesday, no conditions being exacted, but each man being duly warned that any act of violence, intimidation, or incitement thereto, would render him liable to re-arrest. At the last meeting of the Cork Land League, Mr. Heffernan, who was recently liberated from Kilmallock, indignantly repudiated the charge that he had signed any conditions, declaring that he left the gaol, not a bondsman of England, but a hater of it. Mr. Parnell has been very busy during the week. On Sunday he was the subject of a great demonstration in Dublin, being escorted through the streets by a procession of torches, bands, and banners; and afterwards making a speech, in which he declared that "the martyr spirit which had animated Michael Davitt would never die until it swept the detested alien

rule, with its buckshot and bayonets, clear away over the Channel whence it came, never to return." Mr. Sexton, speaking at the same meeting, spoke of Mr. Parnell as the greatest man that Ireland had ever produced, and said that Dublin had that night broken loose from the lion and the unicorn. At a Land League Convention at Maryborough on Monday and again on Tuesday, at the weekly meeting of the Dublin Land League, Mr. Parnell explained the "spirit and meaning" of the policy adopted by the Convention. They desired simply to test the working of the Land Act by the selection of average cases throughout Ireland—cases which might be said to represent the average height of the general rent of the country. They therefore earnestly deprecated any going into court on the part of other tenants whose cases are not selected as test cases by the Executive, and hoped that no tenant would apply to the Court on his own account without the consent of the branch to which he belonged. In reply to some statements which have been circulated as to the disposal of the Land League funds, Mr. Parnell said that no M.P.'s were paid for Parliamentary services, and that they had only twenty-five paid officials who devoted their whole time to the service, and received altogether 60% per week.—The Rules of the Land Commission are ready for publication. There are 135 of them, and the greater number are very lengthy. The Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland met at Maynooth College on Wednesday, and adopted resolutions exhorting their flocks to avail themselves of the Land Act, which, if rightly used, would enable them to obtain substantial social and political rights; calling on the clergy to guard their people against all secret agencies which can only come from enemies; urging upon the Government the release of the imprisoned suspects; and, in reply to certain false reports of an alleged arrangement between the Catholic Colleges and the Queen's Colleges, declaring that the latter are still under the ban of the Church and as dangerous as ever to faith and morals.

THE SCOTTISH PERMISSIVE BILL ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting at Glasgow on Tuesday, Lord Colin Campbell, M.P., presiding. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was the chief speaker, said that it would be time enough to deal with the question of compensation for vested interests when the question came on in Parliament, where the publicans would have a favourable jury, for the House of Commons had an affection for all sorts of scoundrels.

THE NORTHERN REFORM LEAGUE, which dropped out of existence after the passing of the last Reform Bill, is to be reorganised, with the view of obtaining the reform of Parliament so as to make both Houses fairly representative of the whole people, the reform of the land laws, and such other reforms as may be resolved upon.

THE TOWN OF CHESTERFIELD has been without public street lights for several weeks, owing to a disagreement between the Corporation and the Gas Company as to the price. Accidents are consequently of frequent occurrence, and the inhabitants have held an indignation meeting. The company, however, refuse to give way, and the Lighting Committee are negotiating for petroleum lamps, and also for electric illumination.

AN EXPLOSION AT REGENT'S PARK BARRACKS is alleged to have taken place on Thursday evening last week, but no very definite information respecting it has been published. It seems that a report like that of a rifle was heard, and that the guards were immediately doubled, and other precautions taken to ensure the safety of the building, but whether the explosion took place inside or outside the walls is not stated.

THE SUNDERLAND SHIP BUILDERS, having a large number of hands on strike, have replaced them to some extent by workmen from other places, who are lodged and fed in the yards. On Tuesday a mob of strike-hands made an attack on one of the yards, but were soon driven out by a force of police which had been summoned to the spot by telephone.

A SHOP-ASSISTANTS' TWELVE HOURS' LEAGUE has been formed in London with the object of reducing the hours of labour, which it is stated now average ninety to ninety-eight hours per week.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—The Streets Committee of the City Commissioners of Sewers have had referred to them for consideration the possibility of applying to the City of London the American street plan of chemical extinction of fires.

THE PERILS OF PLATELAYERS.—One day last week two platelayers were run over and killed in a railway tunnel at Lower Norwood; a third man was at work with them at the time, but was lucky enough to escape. Two separate inquiries were held, at each of which evidence was given showing that the tunnel was neither ventilated nor provided with recesses, and that it was the custom of the men when a train passed to lie flat down, either close to the wall or in the middle of the "six-foot," this being their only chance of safety. It was further stated that no outlook was kept at either end of the tunnel, and that the fatality was caused by the simultaneous passage of two trains, the noise and steam of the one preventing the unfortunate victims from either seeing or hearing the other. Both juries returned verdicts of "Accidental Death;" but added riders, suggesting that the tunnel should be altered, and that other obvious means should be adopted to ensure the safety of men at work therein.



A MORE sombre and painful play than *Honour*, produced at the COURT THEATRE on Saturday evening, on the reopening of that theatre under the direction of Mr. John Clayton, it would not be easy to name. It is true that it is not without characters and incidents of a kind which might afford relief if the picture were less dark. But this only serves to make more remarkable the dismal story which the French authors—for the piece, though originally announced as written by Mr. Barrymore, is really, as now acknowledged, a close version of a French play by MM. Battu and Desvignes called *L'Honneur de la Maison*—have striven in vain to lighten. As in the *Vieux Garçons* of M. Sardou, of which an adaptation by Mr. Mortimer was produced the other day at the Haymarket, the leading incident of this piece is the discovery by a father that the young man who has challenged him to fight a duel is his illegitimate son, by which circumstance the former is suddenly placed in the painful dilemma of being neither able to fight nor to make known to his adversary the causes of a hesitation which necessarily wears an air of cowardice. As we have lately remarked, French playwrights and French audiences find in a situation of this kind infinite paths. They lend a ready belief to the assumption that a profligate, middle-aged man of the world, who has never inquired after his offspring from his cradle upwards, will fall into paroxysms of parental love at the first sight of the object of his long neglect; and they are ever ready to condone exaggerated sentiment. English audiences, however, find it more difficult to extend their sympathy to such sentimental ebullitions. In the instance now in question there is even something ridiculous and offensive in the fondling effusiveness which, being wholly unexplained to the father's youthful adversary, naturally puzzles and disgusts him not a little. The gloom of the story, however, lies not in this scene, but in the sorrows of the mother of the young gentleman, who, being now the wife of a respectable manufacturer, finds her secret shame dragged into the light, and is tortured with relentless pertinacity by a vindictive husband. Though in the English piece the mother is

represented as having been entrapped in the first instance into a sham marriage, this stern personage insists on calling her betrayer her "lover," and actually gloats over the fact that the challenge sent by her son, whom he has always refused to recognise, arose out of his overhearing the scandalous story of his mother's early misfortune. More than that, he insists with implacable ferocity that what he calls the "honour of his house" shall be vindicated either by the son killing the father or the father killing the son. The only alternative he has to offer is that he himself will challenge "her lover," which is, of course, hardly less shocking to the harassed and persecuted lady. The latter suggestion brings about the *dénouement*, which is finished by the death of the betrayer in a mortal duel with the husband in a locked room, at the outer door of which his wife listens to the clashing of swords in an agony of despair. This play is powerfully acted, and put upon the stage with exquisite art. If it had been otherwise it would possibly have been less oppressively real, and so far more endurable. As it is nothing can well exceed in harrowing effects the scene between Mr. Clayton, who acts the part of the husband with a terrible air of unmoved and unmovable resolution, and Miss Louise Moodie, who, as the wife, plays with undoubted truth and force, but unfortunately without the least effort to relax even for a moment the heavy strain upon the spectator's sympathy. Mr. Henry Neville, as the gay, wicked Colonel, who finally falls a victim to the wrath of the revengeful husband, is more successful in giving variety to his character; and Mr. Arthur Cecil's performance of a personage somewhat resembling Congreve's Tattle is very amusing. Considerable credit is also due to the lively representation of one of the incidental characters by Miss Carlotta Addison, who, for some time missed, has, we believe, now definitely returned to the stage. Mr. Arthur Dacre plays the part of the son a little stiffly, but still with manliness and dignity. An excellent performance of a bashful lover by Mr. Frank Cooper, and a sprightly young lady, the object of his timid attentions, by Miss Meador, also well deserve favourable mention.

Honour is preceded by a revival of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's comedieta, entitled *To Parents and Guardians*, in which Mr. Alfred Wigan used to afford much pleasure by his impersonation of Monsieur Tourbillon. This part is represented at the COURT by Mr. Arthur Cecil, who displays in it his well-known cleverness in depicting old Frenchmen. Mr. Dion G. Boucicault (son of Mr. Boucicault) appears as Bob Nettles, Mr. H. Kemble as Waddilove, and Miss Helene Stoepel as Virginia. The piece strikes one nowadays as slightly old fashioned; but its unflagging bustle and fun seemed nevertheless to afford genuine entertainment.

We are glad to be able to announce that the orchestra at the COURT Theatre remains under the direction of Herr Armbruster. It is limited in the number of performers, but is well chosen and admirably conducted, while the music selected is all of sterling worth.

The COURT Theatre, we may add, has undergone some changes tending to render the aspect of the interior even brighter than before. The appearance of a band of young women attendants, each attired in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with a striped waistcoat and gentleman's collar and tie, occasioned some surprise. The reason for the choice of this eccentric uniform remains a mystery.

Mr. G. R. Sims has addressed to the writer of the Monday morning article on the Theatres in the *Daily News* an interesting account of the difficulties that he experienced in inducing managers not to accept but even to look at the manuscript of *The Lights of London*, now playing with such brilliant success at the Princess's Theatre. For two years, Mr. Sims tells us, "Everybody was extremely polite, but nobody would hear my drama read, or have anything to do with it." In commenting on this the writer of the article recalls the various pieces produced during this period at the theatres which thus declined to give Mr. Sims a hearing, and shows that they were either stale revivals or pieces unquestionably inferior in freshness and interest of story to Mr. Sims's long-despised work, which at length found a sympathetic welcome from Mr. Wilson Barrett. Altogether the unacted dramatists who charge our managers with want of enterprise and discernment undoubtedly derive some support from this revelation.

Mrs. Scott Siddons begins her short reign at the HAYMARKET with a new play, of which Anne Boleyn is the heroine. Its author is Mr. Raleigh, one of the unacted dramatists who make complaint of the inaccessibility of managers. It will be remembered that the late Miss Neilson produced on the Haymarket stage a few years ago a play written by Mr. Tom Taylor, of which Anne Boleyn was the heroine.—Mr. Bancroft has gone away with his friend Mr. Parkinson on a trip in the Mediterranean. Malta, Constantinople, and Egypt are their destinations.—MM. Clarette and Busnach's drama of London life does not seem to have pleased London managers. Though the result of a special study of our manners, and as such intended to be produced on the London stage, it will be brought out shortly in Paris with the title of *Little Jack*.—The new SAVOY Theatre opens on Monday next under the management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. In place of the usual painted drop it will display a pair of rich quilted satin curtains. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates*, now performing at the Opera Comique, will be transferred to the new theatre.—Mr. Hollingshead is contributing to *Punch* humorous notes of his recent journey through Russia.—Miss Florence St. John is unfortunately compelled by ill-health to relinquish for the present her part in *Olivia* at the STRAND.—The title of the new farcical comedy to be produced at the opening of the COMEDY Theatre, now erecting in Pantion Street, is *Out of the Hunt*.—A "new sensational drama," called *Manhood, or, Beggar Your Neighbour*, is to be produced at the SURREY Theatre on Monday next. Its authors are Mr. G. Conquest and Mr. P. Meritt.—Messrs. Crauford announce their benefit at the BRITANNIA on Wednesday next.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, under the management of Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, will reopen for the autumn season on Monday evening, the 3rd inst., at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

The performances of the Moore and Burgess and of the Haverly Minstrels were suspended on Monday afternoon and evening, the 26th ult., as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President Garfield.

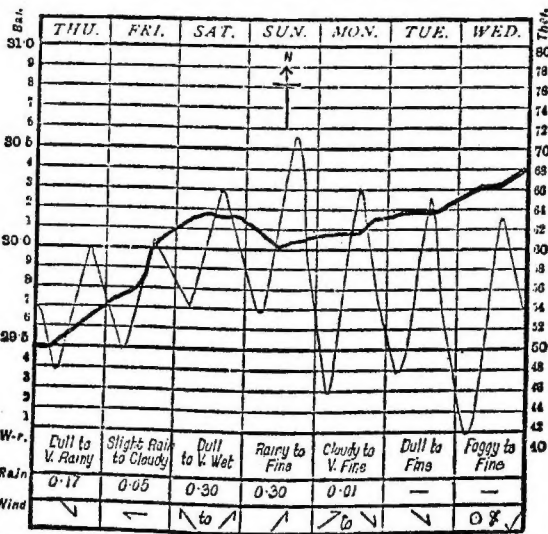
THE "ROSCUS DRAMATIC CLUB" will commence their fourth season at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, on Thursday, the 18th inst. Sir Percy F. Shelley, Bart., has accepted the position of President in place of the late Lord William Pitt Lennox.

THE "WARBLING" WAGGONER.—Travellers by cab, tram, or omnibus, especially if they are journeying in the suburbs, no doubt recognise as a but too familiar feature of the road the lumbering wain of the market-gardener, crawling at a snail's pace homeward from Covent Garden. The horses seem drowsy, as though walking in their sleep, and the driver is Dr. Watts's sluggish personified. He holds the reins listlessly in his hands, and his head droops on to his chest as if the jolting and jarring of the broad wheels were a lullaby irresistible to his somnolent nature. He is a thorn in the side of tram-drivers, who grow red in the face in their ineffectual endeavours to whistle his ponderous impediment off the track; cabmen under orders to make for the railway station with all speed swear at him; omnibus-drivers launch at him their choicest shafts of withering sarcasm. But, poor fellow, he is not the sleepy-headed dolt he appears, or if he is it is not his nature, but the result of overwork and want of proper rest. At this time of year during many weeks the market-garden waggoner is, perhaps, the hardest-worked poor drudge that toils for scanty wages. Those who are accustomed to regard the country teamster as an individual who

passes his life in jog-trot, though humble, ease will be surprised to find that it often happens that he does not take his boots off from Monday morning until Saturday night, and that the hours out of each twenty-four he may call his own require less than all the fingers of one hand to denote their number. Say the farm he works on is in Essex, and twenty miles from Covent Garden or the Borough Market. During the whole of the busy season, after working hard in the fields all day, on Monday he will start at seven o'clock in the evening with a two-horse load of vegetables, and reach London about three in the morning. The market business not commencing till between four and five, he can lie down for an hour in the stable where the horses are put up, and then he has to attend his waggon until it is unloaded, and he may get away by seven o'clock. Returning home at a walking pace, he reaches the farm about one o'clock; and after he has cleaned and attended to his horses, he is at liberty to go home until four o'clock, when he must be at the "yard" again, and help "load up." Off again at seven, and home again at one next day. So he continues until Saturday afternoon, and for all this his wages range from fifteen to eighteen shillings a week. So, one way and another, it is no great wonder if he looks less brisk and lively than those with whom he shares the Queen's highway.

ARMED BURGLARS.—The murder of a police-constable at Kingston and the occurrence of several other burglaries in suburban localities, in one or two of which the depredators appear to have been provided with fire-arms, and fully determined to use them rather than submit to capture, has naturally excited a good deal of alarm in the minds of persons residing in lonely places. It is undeniable that the crime of housebreaking has greatly increased, and that the professional burglar is now more frequently than not armed with a deadly six-shooter. This being so, the old question has been revived as to the advisability of placing policemen on night duty upon something like fighting equality with the desperate ruffians with whom they may at any moment have to deal, by arming them in a like manner, and panic-stricken householders are considering whether they had not better provide themselves with fire-arms also. There could be no possible objection to either or both of these ideas being carried out if we could feel quite certain that no one would be shot but the burglars, who, being prepared to commit murder, would fully deserve such a fate; but this is precisely what we cannot make sure of, as is very opportunely evidenced by a series of mistakes which have just occurred at Balham, where a gentleman shot at a policeman, believing him to be a burglar, and was immediately afterwards bludgeoned by the constable, who in his turn mistook him for the thief, the real depredator getting clear away while householder and policeman were engaged in this little comedy of errors, which very narrowly escaped being turned into a tragedy. The distinction which the law makes between burglary and housebreaking ought also to be borne in mind, for although it is not unlawful to kill a would-be thief "in the night-time," i.e., between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M., the same act would be manslaughter if committed only a moment before or after those hours. It seems to us that to furnish ourselves with firearms or to provide the police with them would be a grievous mistake, which would in all probability result in the spilling of much innocent blood, and in no way tend to check the newly-developed murderous propensities of the housebreaking fraternity. A revolver would not have been of the slightest use to poor Atkins at Kingston the other night when he was shot down without even seeing his assassin, and in nine cases out of ten the burglar, being already on the *qui vive*, would have the first chance of firing. A much more effective plan for the protection of suburban villas would be the setting of some of the old-fashioned mantraps in the grounds, the use of electric or other alarms in connection with the doors and windows, and above all the constant burning of a good light all over the house, so that the intended thieves might be kept in doubt whether the inmates were sleeping or waking.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 22 TO SEPT. 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Although the barometer curve shows that the mercury was rising at the commencement of the week, it was apparent that a depression lay over the south-east of England, and in the course of Thursday (22nd inst.) the centre of the disturbance passed very near London, causing dull weather in the earlier part of the day, and a good deal of rain in the evening and at night. When the depression had finally disappeared from our neighbourhood the barometer rose much more quickly, but the sky did not clear much, although the rain ceased. On Saturday (24th inst.) a fresh depression advanced slowly towards us from the westward, and although the new system did not pass so close to us as the previous one had done, it was quite near enough to cause a good deal of heavy rain during Saturday night (24th inst.) and Sunday morning (25th inst.). With the disappearance of this system the weather improved very materially, and the change has been well sustained up to the close of the week, the weather chart now showing an area of high pressure over this part of the country, with very light winds and fine, quiet weather. Temperature was low at the beginning of the period, but gradually rose until it reached its maximum for the week on Sunday (25th inst.). Since this time it has again fallen a little. The barometer was highest (30.38 inches) on Wednesday (28th inst.); lowest (29.50 inches) on Thursday (22nd inst.); range, 0.88 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (71°) on Sunday (25th inst.); lowest (42°) on Wednesday (28th inst.); range, 29°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.83 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inches, on Saturday and Sunday (24th and 25th inst.).

SOUTH LONDON FREE LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY.—The following exhibits are on view every evening, including Sundays, for the next fortnight:—A selection of black and white drawings lent by the proprietors of the *The Graphic*, a series of electrotypes of articles in the *Louvre*, lent by the Science and Art Department, and a series of prints from Turner's "Liber Studiorum," lent by Mr. G. W. Rawlinson. There is also a branch exhibition at the Institute of the London Gas Works, Nine Elms. Each room is open free, every evening, from six till nine.



THE PARIS ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION is to be kept open until December 1st.

SLENDER WAISTS AND GENERAL SLIMNESS are going out of fashion in France, and Parisian belles are trying to get stout.

THE COMING DOMESTIC SANITARY AND SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITION at Brighton will be held in December, and the Health Congress will take place simultaneously.

SILK RIFLES have been invented by an ingenious Japanese at Tokio. They are said to be as rigid as iron weapons, while they are easy to carry, and have a very long range.

BRITISH SPARROWS have become such plagues in South Australia that the colonists propose to place poisoned water about to further their extermination. The remedy seems rather a perilous one.

THE SEVERN TUNNEL has at length been successfully pierced, the respective headings from the Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire sides of the river having been united this week. The lines were so accurately laid that the centre was struck within three inches.

AN OLD HISTORICAL BORDER MANSION, Twizell Castle, in Northumberland, not far from Berwick-on-Tweed, is to be demolished to make room for a modern Queen Anne house. Twizell Castle is alluded to in "Marmion," and is frequently mentioned in the annals of the Borders since 1335.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GOWER STREET.—The introductory address (admission free to the public) will be delivered on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at 3 P.M., by Professor the Rev. T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.R.S. His subject is "A Chapter in the Life History of an Old University" (i.e., Cambridge). The ordinary work of the session will begin next day.

MR. H. M. STANLEY has been seriously ill in Africa, but has now entirely recovered. He writes from the Congo on July 4th last, that in May he was in such a dangerous condition that he took farewell of all his people, and gave his final orders to the Europeans. The crisis passed over, however, and he is now "strong and hearty."

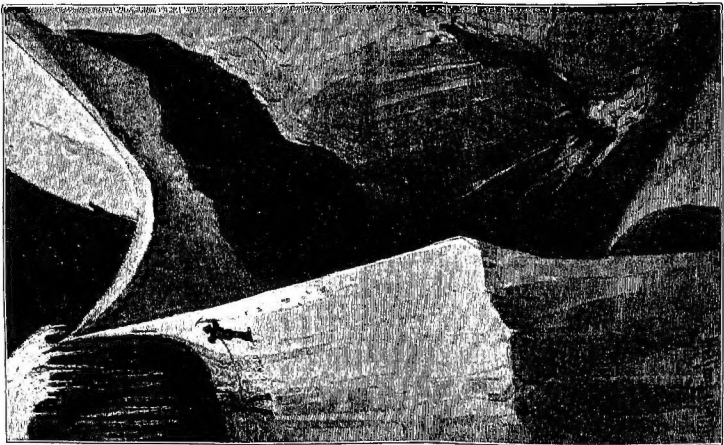
A CURIOUS CASE OF INVOLUNTARY ANNEXATION has occurred in Prussia. The River Prosna, which forms a natural boundary line for some distance between Silesia and Poland, has suddenly deserted its old bed, and taken a new course, thereby transferring a considerable tract of Russian territory to the Prussian side of the frontier. A Russian official has accordingly been sent to the spot to report on the occurrence.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BADEN brought the Ducal pair one specially appropriate present from their relations. It is a large pine tree, of the kind met with everywhere on the mountains of the Duchy, made of solid silver—trunk, branches, and cones. This copy of the evergreen pine-tree covering the heights of the Black Forest is intended not only to remind the recipients of their home, and to symbolise their truly German family life, but to commemorate the traditions of the House of Baden, in which the pine plays a prominent part.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,279 deaths were registered against 1,151, an increase of 128, being 108 below the average, and at the rate of 17.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 26 from small-pox, 17 from measles (an increase of 1), 48 from scarlet fever (a decline of 3), 14 from diphtheria (an increase of 8), 31 from whooping-cough (an increase of 9), 3 from typhus fever (an increase of 2), 40 from enteric fever, and 33 from diarrhoea (a decline of 7). There were 2,330 births registered against 2,493 during the previous week, being 205 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 58.4 deg. Rain fell on five days of the week. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 10.1 hours, the sun being 85.5 hours above the horizon.

NARROW ESCAPES IN THE ALPS have been even more frequent than usual this year, and lately two parties in the neighbourhood of the Furca Pass have been in serious danger. Thus a German doctor from Mannheim started with two guides to cross by the Triftjoch and the Rhone Glacier to the Furca, and on arriving at the hut on the Triftjoch found the weather so bad that he was obliged to stay the night there. A heavy snowstorm came on, with a high wind, and the party were imprisoned in the hut for nearly two days, while on venturing out at last the descent proved most perilous. One of the guides was buried by an avalanche, and was only extricated by means of the rope with which they had tied themselves together, and after enormous difficulties they accomplished the descent in safety, thanks to the courage and knowledge of the guides. A party of four Berliners were in even worse plight. Driving over the Furca Pass, when about midway between the Furca Inn and Gletch, a small earthslip fell, missing the carriage, but so frightening the horses that they backed and fell over the precipice, at that spot 1,000 feet high above the Rhone Glacier. Fortunately the precipice was not sheer, and after turning over several times and losing all its wheels, the carriage lodged on a rocky ledge. Three of its occupants were unconscious, and the driver was too much hurt to move, but one gentleman was uninjured, and managed to revive his companions. They could neither get up nor down, however, and were obliged to stay on the ledge until seen by a passer-by, who immediately went for help. The whole party were hauled up with much trouble, and were happily only bruised, being able to continue their journey after a few days' rest.

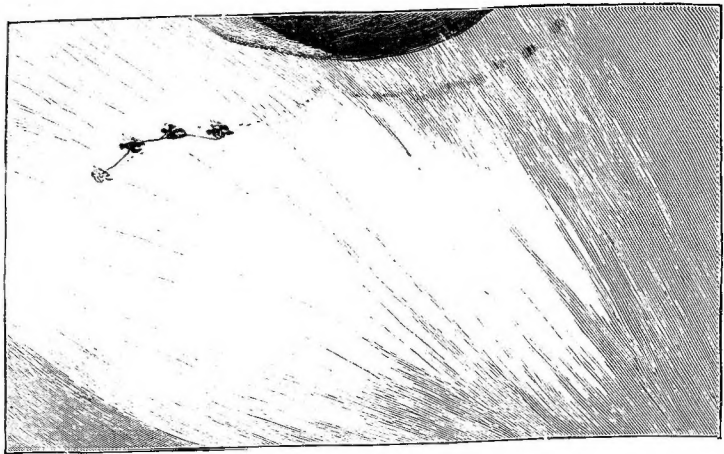
LEATHER TRADES EXHIBITION.—This exhibition, which is being held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and which will be open until this day week, the 8th inst., is of especial interest to the trade, but is also well worthy of a visit from the general public. The processes of tanning and dyeing cannot be conveniently exhibited, partly on account of the steam and odours emitted, even in so large a building as the Hall; but in every other respect the cobbler's proverb, "Nothing like leather," is practically exemplified. Leather, in some form or other, is omnipresent. It may be the raw calf's hide, which the currier is deftly stripping with his two-handed knife; it may be in the tanned condition of "butts," "bellies," and "shoulders;" it may be in the finished form of saddles, portemonnaies, engineers' driving gear, portmanteaus, boots and shoes, &c., &c. Some of the bullocks' hides are of vast size, and five-eighths of an inch thick. The modern process of bootmaking is, as may be supposed, always surrounded by a curious crowd. There is a machine, too, with a wonderfully ingenious action, imitating that of the human hand, by means of which eight brushes scrub the "bloom" off the "butts" of leather. At one stall there are a number of articles made of shark-skin, which, as it takes any dye, has a very effective appearance for small toilet and pocket appliances. At the same stall there are hung up a number of snake and iguana skins; and as we heard the proprietor tell a gentleman (who looked like a tropical traveller) that, provided they were unpierced by arrows or bullet-holes, he would take three or four thousand of them, we fancy those poor reptiles will soon be improved off the face of the earth. We saw no gloves. Perhaps they are to have a separate show of their own.



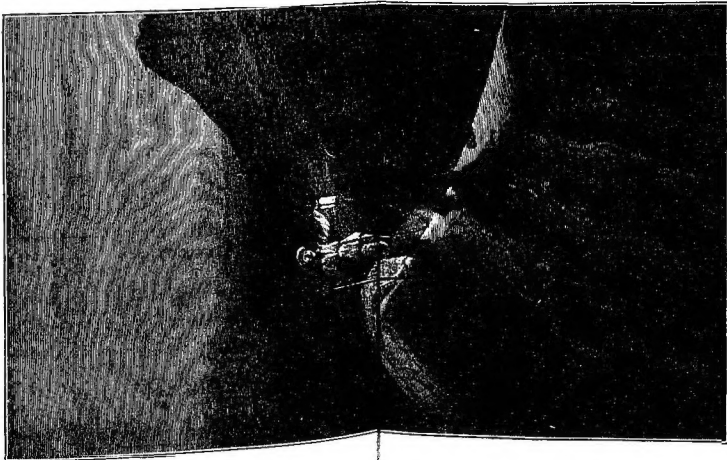
EAST SIDE OF THE ROTHTHAL SATTEL



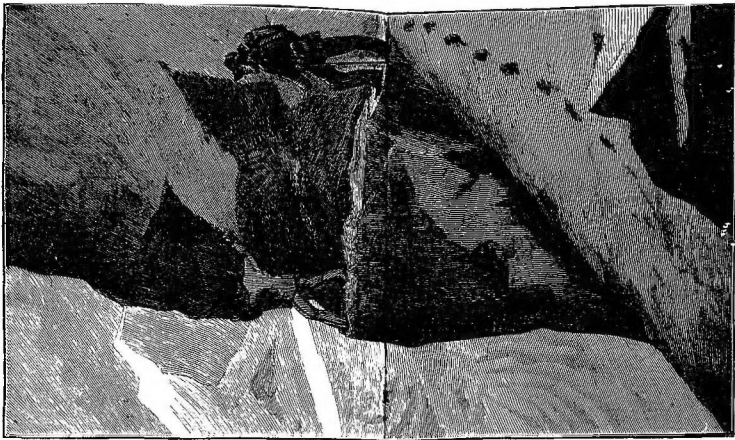
LUNCH ON THE SATTEL



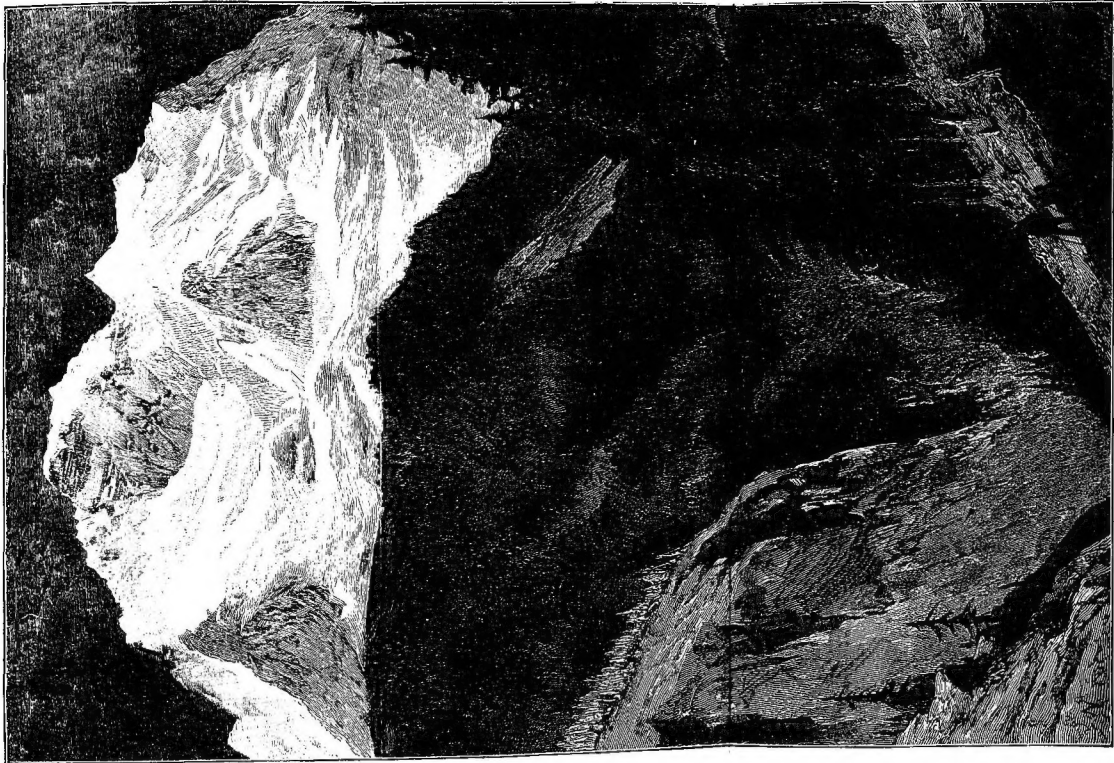
THE FINAL SLOPE



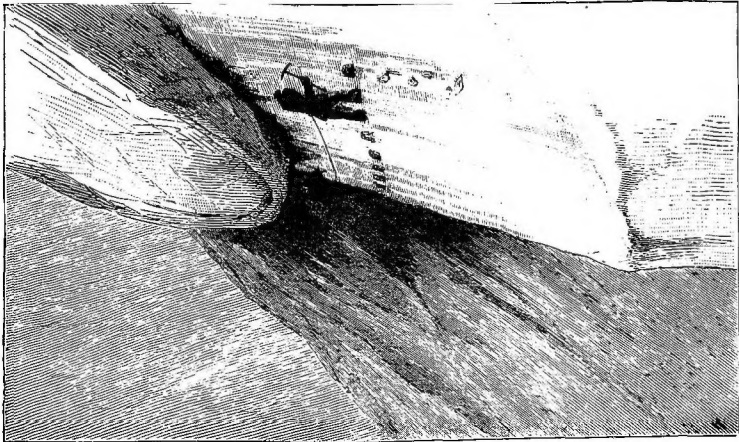
TRAVERSING A RIDGE ABOVE THE BERGLI



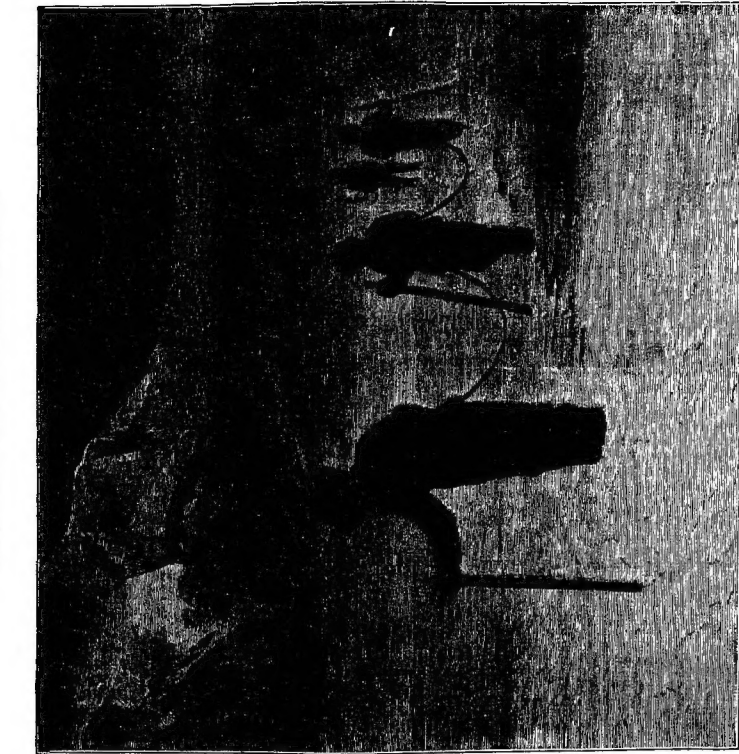
PASSING THE ENGHI ROCK



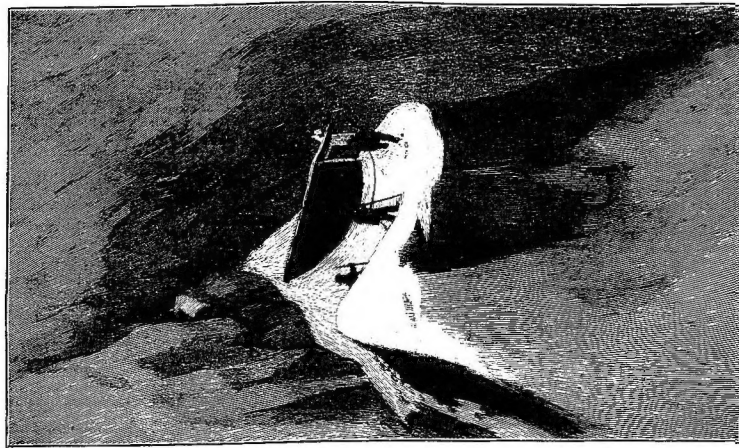
THE JUNGFRAU AND LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY



UNDER A SNOW CORNICE



DESCENDING THE ALETSCHE GLACIER AT DUSK - FEELING FOR CREVASSES



THE BERGLI HUT - CLEARING THE DOOR

Oct. 1, 1881

Grace for "absolutely nothing;" and suggests that, if he desires to make fresh effort for his release, he should apply to him for a full statement of the case, and then use his great position to make it known to the world, in which event Mr. Green believes he would soon be a free man. Meanwhile the Church of England Young Men's Society have issued a form of prayer for his release, and sympathetic meetings have been held at Liverpool and Leeds, under the auspices of the English Church Union.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION holds its jubilee meeting next week at Manchester in the Free Trade Hall. The inaugural address will be by Dr. Allon, and the annual sermon by the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE have organised a series of Sunday services at the Alexandra Palace, the frequenters of which are free to wander about the building and grounds, or to listen to the sacred music and the sermon in the Concert Hall. Last Sunday some 30,000 people were admitted by tickets, for which nothing is charged; and the Rev. J. W. Horsley, preaching from a text in the Apocrypha, said that they need not condescend to justify their presence or their acts, the movement being so distinctly moral and religious that, but for a perversion of prejudice, only immorality and irreligion could object. The services, which have thus far been highly successful, are to be continued throughout October.

THE SALVATION ARMY continues to increase its unenviable notoriety, scarcely a day passing without a report of some riot or disturbance arising out of their street processions. At Basingstoke the ten men who a fortnight since were locked up for interfering with the "Army" were last week entertained at a dinner on their release, and the festivity is said to have ended in a drunken riot, which the police were unable to repress.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF FREETHINKERS has this week been held in London, under the presidency of Dr. Ludwig Buechner, of Darmstadt. Among the speakers was Mr. Bradlaugh, who, in the course of a lengthy address on "Heresy in All Lands," said that he was not of opinion that the State should or ought to be permitted to exercise authority over any religious institution which it did not and ought not to exercise over a private house. No person was more opposed to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church than he was; he regarded it as the greatest foe to all progress and liberty that Europe had ever known, or America could ever know, but he should regard it as a most fatal blunder to try and make war with that Church with the weapons of the law. If they admitted the right of the State to control voluntary associations, where were they to stop? The only right the State had in the matter was to step in where an attempt was made to control the liberty of the individual. On the second day Mr. Bradlaugh, alluding to the death of President Garfield, said that for them to send a message of condolence to Mrs. Garfield might be regarded as an impertinence, as the late President was in all essential points a religious man, but at the same time they could not but feel the utmost sympathy with the bereaved.



SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The new series of concerts about to be given in St. James's Hall, the first of which is announced for Friday, November 11th, will represent the jubilee of a society of amateurs, who have done more real good for art in its highest manifestations than a certain clique of noisy enthusiasts would seem inclined to admit. The programme of the fiftieth season includes the *Solomon* and *Messiah* of Handel, Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Forty-Second Psalm*, as examples of the great composers who have departed, Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, Macfarren's *John the Baptist*, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, and a new *Te Deum*, by Mr. W. G. Cusins (Philharmonic conductor), as specimens of those who are still active labourers among us. That the leading singers will be of the best, the orchestra all that could be wished, and the chorus, the vast improvement in which obtained general recognition last season, trained to the highest degree of possible efficiency, taking into account the circumstances that control their proceedings, we may feel assured, with such a steersman at the helm. We must confess some disappointment at not seeing *The Woman of Samaria*, now popular all over the country, included in the list of attractions.

LYCEUM ITALIAN OPERA.—We are again to have Italian Opera in the winter—not now at Her Majesty's Theatre, but at the Lyceum Temple dedicated by Mr. Henry Irving to the drama. The *entrepreneur* is not Mr. Mapleson, but Mr. Samuel Hayes, a noted *connoisseur* and eager speculator in matters connected with music generally and the opera in particular. The series of performances is to extend over October and November, and the first is announced for this evening, the opera selected being Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mr. Hayes does not intend producing any novelties, "startling" or otherwise. His prospectus comprehends almost exclusively works already popular, and (to use his own expression) "of the lighter and more melodious type." He gives us a catalogue of singers who, if they all prove competent, will render essential service. The name of Mdlle. Marie Marimon, who plays *Dinorah* to-night, is an auspicious one to begin with. We are also promised a thoroughly efficient orchestra, with Signor Li Calsi as conductor, and a chorus to match. The house has been renovated, and new means of ingress and egress have been added.

WAIFS.—Bottesini, the famous contrabassist, and now popular composer, is to be conductor, say the Neapolitan musical critics, at the San Carlo during the forthcoming season.—Miss Minnie Hauk has been in London, for a few days, on her way to New York, where she is engaged by Mr. Mapleson as one of his leading *prime donne* for his performances of Italian opera.—The Russian National Opera House at Odessa will be devoted in February and March next, under the direction of Signor Franchetti, to performances of opera in Italian.—The plans for the new theatre at Trieste have been sanctioned by the Municipality.—Signor Boito's *Nefistofele* has been wonderfully successfully at Buenos Ayres, five performances bringing no less than 4,000*l.* to the treasury.—The new manager at Teatro Apollo, in Rome, is Signor Francesco Tati.—Herr Panofka, violinist and professor of singing, well known (in 1847) as "art-adviser" at Her Majesty's, and subsequently a resident in Manchester, has left Florence for Milan, where he anticipates a more general appreciation of his ability as instructor.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, the celebrated pianist, and erst Wagnerian conductor at Munich, has proposed a tour through Germany with the orchestra of the Duca Theatre at Meiningen. His programmes are devoted exclusively to Beethoven, whose nine symphonies are to be played by his orchestra without the music before them! Herr von Bülow himself rarely uses a score while conducting. If the members of his orchestra are equally independent the feat will be recorded, with fair reason, as phenomenal. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped the precedent may never be followed. Seriously, such games of chance with the works of "classical" composers are at best ill-advised, if not absolutely impertinent. The learned doctor is in his sphere a very remarkable man, and gifted with an astonishing memory; but none can answer for the subordinates who don't see

the notes written upon the bâton he wields with such peremptory absolutism. They may occasionally forget themselves—in which case the one particular symphony has every chance of going to pieces. Even Herr Anton Rubinstein might, now and then, do worse than have a copy of the music he is performing within compassable reach.—There seems to be small chance at present of the new National Opera House at Pesh being completed before the autumn of 1885, so slowly are the works proceeding.—Sixty years ago Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and at present "Altmeister" of Germany, played Mozart's concerto in C minor at a concert in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He was then only ten years of age. On the 24th of this month Hiller will have reached his seventieth year; and Thursday next (October 6th), he has accepted an engagement to play the same concerto in C minor at a concert in the same city of Frankfort—where doubtless he will show that he has made marked progress in the interim.

A CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD

MRS. BRASSEY'S account of the maritime tour taken by herself, her husband, and her family on board the *Sunbeam* has enjoyed such a wide popularity, that numbers of persons after reading it have wished that they could do likewise. But, to say nothing of Sir Thomas Brassey's skill as a seaman and navigator, since these qualities, if wanting in the owner, may be supplied by the engagement of a professional captain, few people possess the means to carry out so extensive an enterprise at their own expense.

As, however, in these days the associative principle has been found to work wonders, a few gentlemen, who were resolutely bent on realising this scheme of a comprehensive ocean excursion, resolved to establish a joint-stock company for the purpose, and to invite others beside their own personal friends to join them in the enterprise. At the same time, the character of a private yachting party of friends, as distinguished from a complement of ordinary passengers has been as much as possible preserved. The regulations by which the expedition will be governed permit of a certain amount of discretion being exercised in the acceptance of passengers, and the promoters of the enterprise are, it is understood, making such a selection from the applicants on their books, as to ensure a company of ladies and gentlemen who will be welcome to each other. Besides, it should be remembered that the misunderstandings which too often arise among passengers are in a great measure caused by the monotony of ship-board life. During the voyage of the *Ceylon*, this monotony will be effectually broken by the shortness of the intervals between harbour and harbour; for our own experience has taught us that there is no more potent dispeller of the petty squabbles of ship life than the cry of "Land ho!"

The joint-stock association was formed, under the title of the Inter-Oceanic Steam Yachting Company (Limited), with offices at 26, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster. As yacht managers, the experienced firm of Messrs. Culliford and Clark, of 32, Great St. Helen's, E.C., and Sunderland, were appointed.

The next point was to secure a vessel suitable for the special purpose of an extended yachting expedition. Now till the other day the Peninsular and Oriental Company had, as one of their fleet, a screw steamer named the *Ceylon*, well known to Indian passengers for her speed, her roomy and comfortable accommodation, and her excellent sea-going qualities. But, in these competitive days, steamers, in order to earn a profit, must be endowed with cargo-carrying capacity. This capacity the *Ceylon* does not possess, she is constructed and fitted as a purely passenger vessel, and therefore, though unsuited to the wants of the P. and O., she was just what the Inter-Oceanic Yacht Company required. Thereupon the transfer was effected.

The *Ceylon* is a screw ship of 2,110 tons register, having engines of 450 horse-power nominal. Her spacious and roomy main-deck, 8 feet 3 inches high, the perfect ventilation of her saloons and passenger deck, her ample and well-arranged domestic offices, render her an excellent example of a thoroughly-equipped passenger steamer. The cabins are roomy enough to accommodate four persons, but are only intended to be occupied by two; indeed, for the purpose of obtaining home comforts and conveniences, and to avoid even the slightest danger of crowding, the directors have fitted only one hundred berths in the space usually occupied by three hundred. A very pretty boudoir for the ladies and a comfortable smoking-room for the male voyagers have been erected on the upper deck.

It is not uncommon, on board the P. and O. and other long-voyage steam vessels, in selecting stewards and caddy-servants to give the preference to those who possess some musical capacity, so that a band can be easily improvised for the entertainment of the passengers. This idea has not been lost sight of on board the *Ceylon*, as she will carry twelve skilled musicians, who, beside their efficiency on the flute, the trombone, or the drum, as the case may be, will in other respects be found very handy fellows.

People who are not usually greedy on shore are apt on board ship to think a good deal about eating and drinking, and therefore it is satisfactory to learn that the cooking arrangements on board the *Ceylon* will be very carefully organised. There will be even less need than usual on board this vessel for the "salt junk" and "hard tack" of olden days; on the contrary, the passages from one port to another will be so short that the *Ceylon* will in this respect rather resemble a high-class London or Parisian hotel, with the additional advantage of successively anchoring off, and bringing on board the sundry delicacies and culinary rarities which are to be found in the various tropical and sub-tropical markets of the world.

The ship has been surveyed and is being fitted out under the supervision of Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P., under whose superintendence the now famous Indian troopships were built, fitted, and equipped. She will be commanded by Captain R. D. Lunham, who is well known, and who has been appointed on account of his special suitability for the position he is to occupy; the officers in each department will be gentlemen of proved ability and experience; and a picked crew of English seamen will be carried. There will be a skilful surgeon on board, whose services will be at the disposal of the passengers without fee.

The number of passengers taken will be limited to one hundred, and the subscription for the cruise is 500*l.* This is not an immoderate figure, if it be borne in mind that no hotel or extra expenses need be incurred at any of the ports of call, as a steam launch will be in attendance to keep up a constant communication with the shore while in port, so that passengers, while in harbour, can, if they choose, live on board the vessel.

The *Ceylon* is intended to start from Southampton on the 15th October for Bordeaux, proceeding thence successively to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malaga, Marseilles (where passengers can, if they please, join her on November 3rd, thus gaining another fortnight at home), Genoa, Naples, Palermo, Malta, Piræus, Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Galle, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Manilla, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Hiogo, Yokohama, Honolulu (Sandwich Islands), San Francisco, Mazatlan, Panama, Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, Stanley (Falkland Islands, *via* Straits of Magellan), Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Porto Praya (Cape Verde Islands), Tenerife (Canary Islands), Madeira, and Southampton, where the voyage will end.

This is something like a "grand tour," and possesses for the enthusiastic "globe trotter" the additional attraction of taking him to places not often visited because, by the ordinary modes of

travelling, expensive and difficult of access. As regards the cost of this unequalled survey of the earth's surface, it may be observed that for many bachelors in easy circumstances the trip will be rather an economy than otherwise, since, if they please, they can live like fighting-cocks between October 15th, 1881, and July 7th, 1882 (at which date the *Ceylon* is expected to return to Southampton), and need expend nothing beyond their five hundred pounds' passage-money, a few pounds for sight-seeing purposes and purchases of curios, &c., excepted.

We must add that those who have not leisure for the entire voyage can, if they please, leave the *Ceylon* at San Francisco, where she is expected to arrive about March 28th, 1882. From San Francisco free first-class passes to New York, *via* Pacific Railway, and thence to London, Liverpool, or Southampton by mail steamer, will be provided for those who, being pressed for time, may desire to return home by that route. Those travellers ought to reach England by April 18th, and they will not have done badly. They will have shirked the English winter; they will have made the circuit of the globe in six months; and they will have seen a number of interesting places. Still, if we were among the fortunate voyagers, we should like to "go the whole hog," to survey, during the latter portion of the trip, the coasts and cities of South America, and never, except temporarily, quit the hospitable deck of the *Ceylon*, until, her enterprise being fully completed, she cast anchor in the waters of the Solent.

Our engravings need little or no further explanation. Being unencumbered with "houses" the *Ceylon* possesses an unrivalled stretch of deck. The fittings of the dining saloon are quiet and restful to the eye (there are punkahs for hot weather). The wheel in the ladies' boudoir is what sailors term a "stand-by" wheel, only to be used in case the regular wheel on the bridge should break down.



THE TURF.—The First October Meeting (held "as per usual" in September) at Newmarket is always welcome, though, as a rule, no very exciting contests are to be witnessed. This week's racing, accompanied by fine weather, and showing some really good sport, has been specially enjoyable. The Trial Stakes, which opened the ball on Tuesday, were productive of a splendid finish between Suttler and Innocent, the recent winner of the French Omnium (Cesarewitch), the former, who seems one of the most improving horses on the Turf, running most gamely at the finish, and winning by a short head. Executor could not carry his penalty in the Two-Year-Old Hopeful Stakes, and had to put up with second place to Mr. J. R. Graham's filly. Mr. Higgins sang to a pretty tune with his filly Sing-Song, who beat a large field in the Nursery Stakes on the first day, and did ditto in a similar race on the second. The three-year-old form among the leading colts seems getting a little mixed, when we contemplate Scobell beating Ishmael, Cameliard, Thebais, and Bal Gal in the Great Foal Stakes, and Fiddler running home in front of Cameliard and Thebais in the Thirty-third Triennial. Muriel's victory in the Thirty-second Triennial, beating Edelweiss, Sportsman, Zealot, and two others, was a surprise, but it ought not to have been to those who had any memory of her running with Cipolata last autumn. The Great Eastern Handicap brought out the large field of twenty-three, and the pickers-out of favourites made a sad mess of it, as not one of the half-dozen most fancied secured a place. The winner turned up in John Ridd, who thus says a good word for Ollerton in reference to his Cesarewitch prospects.—One of the very old school has left the Turf in the person of Sam Darling, who has died at the age of eighty-five. He was a famous jockey in his day, and in 1832 rode 73 winners out of 174 mounts. In 1833 he was on Rockingham, the winner of the St. Leger, and after the race he rode on horseback straight away to Shrewsbury, and was the first in the old Salopian town to proclaim his victory.—It is said that Don Carlos intends trying his hand at racing on the English Turf.

FOOTBALL.—This ancient pastime has now begun. The entries for the Association Challenge Cup are quite up to the mark, notwithstanding the rumours abroad that some of the crack Southern Clubs were minded to hold aloof from the competition, owing to their dislike to the manners and customs of some of the Northern Elevens. The Rugby fixtures are hardly yet complete, but the chief of last season will be in the list again. Inter-county football is likely to show still further progress, and will probably at no very distant period have a great influence on the game generally.—The famous Blackburn Rovers have made their first appearance in the new ground of the Park Road Club, Audley, and given a terrible thrashing in an Association game to the club just mentioned, scoring fourteen goals to none.—Two other well-known clubs have also antagonised, Darwen and Queen's Park, Glasgow, to the discomfiture of the former, which was beaten by six goals to love.

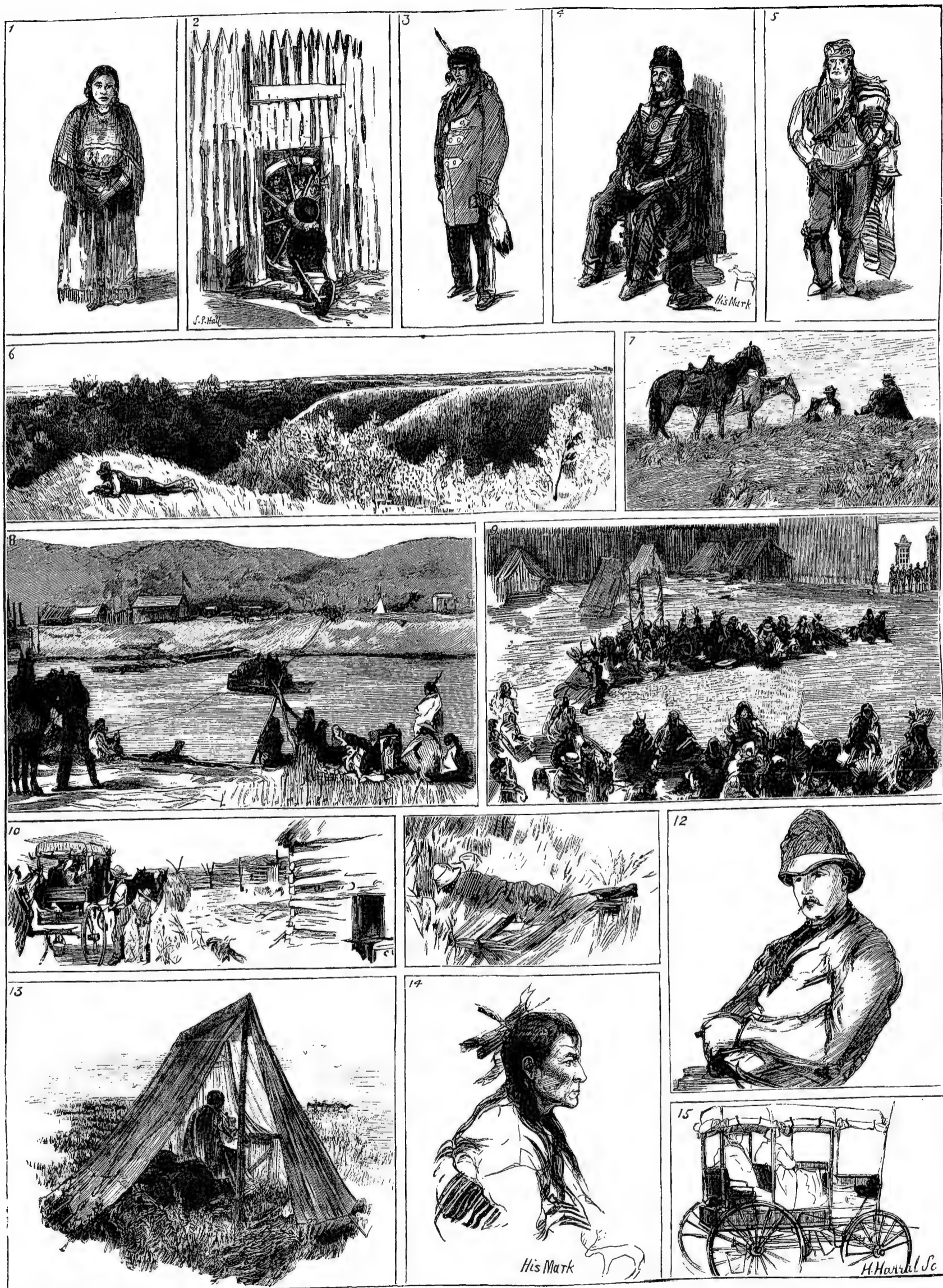
AQUATICS.—The annual four-oared race between the members of the composing departments of the London Daily Press took place on Saturday afternoon last, the course being from Putney to Hammersmith. There were three competing crews, and after a really good race victory rested with the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Chronicle* being a fair second, and the *Daily News* third.—On the same afternoon the Thames Rowing Club held its annual regatta, which is generally taken to indicate the close of the season. The Handicap Sculls had a dozen competitors, and were won by C. S. Batt, who had 30 seconds' start.—On Monday last, over the Thames champion course, Smith, of Hackney, and Silver, of Lea Bridge, rowed for 25*l.* a-side. The former was booked as a certainty, and odds laid on him, but, contrary to general experience in professional matches, the non-favourite won easily enough, so easily, indeed, that nods and winks were freely indulged in by the spectators. The sculling world is on the look-out for "the coming man," but, though Silver showed good form, it is impossible to judge from the race whether he is likely to supply the desired article.—A good punting match is a rare bit of sport, but somehow or other it is not often we see one now. However, on Monday last, two punters, Langshaw, of Hampton, and Clarke, of Sunbury, treated a large number of spectators with a well-contested push of a mile, for 5*l.* a-side, Clarke winning by three lengths.

SWIMMING.—At the Lambeth Baths on Monday evening last there was some capital racing for the 100 Yards Amateur Championship, which was eventually won by G. Bettinson, of the German Gymnastic Society, who in the final heat, after an exciting finish, beat G. S. Moore by a foot. The last-named gentleman won this Championship in 1878 and 1879, while last year it fell to W. R. Ifter.—At the Dundee Baths R. Bertram, of Edinburgh, has won the 1,000 Yards Championship of Scotland.

LACROSSE.—The Halifax and Wakefield Trinity Clubs have met to play off the final round for the Yorkshire Challenge Flags, and at the call of time victory rested with the Wakefield men, who scored six goals to the nothing of their opponents. This excellent game, though well represented by several thoroughly established clubs, hardly seems to gain in popularity in the country, owing probably to the ever-increasing football mania.

SHOOTING.—At the Annual Prize Meeting of the Leicestershire Rifle Association, lasting three days, Sergeant T. H. Callow,

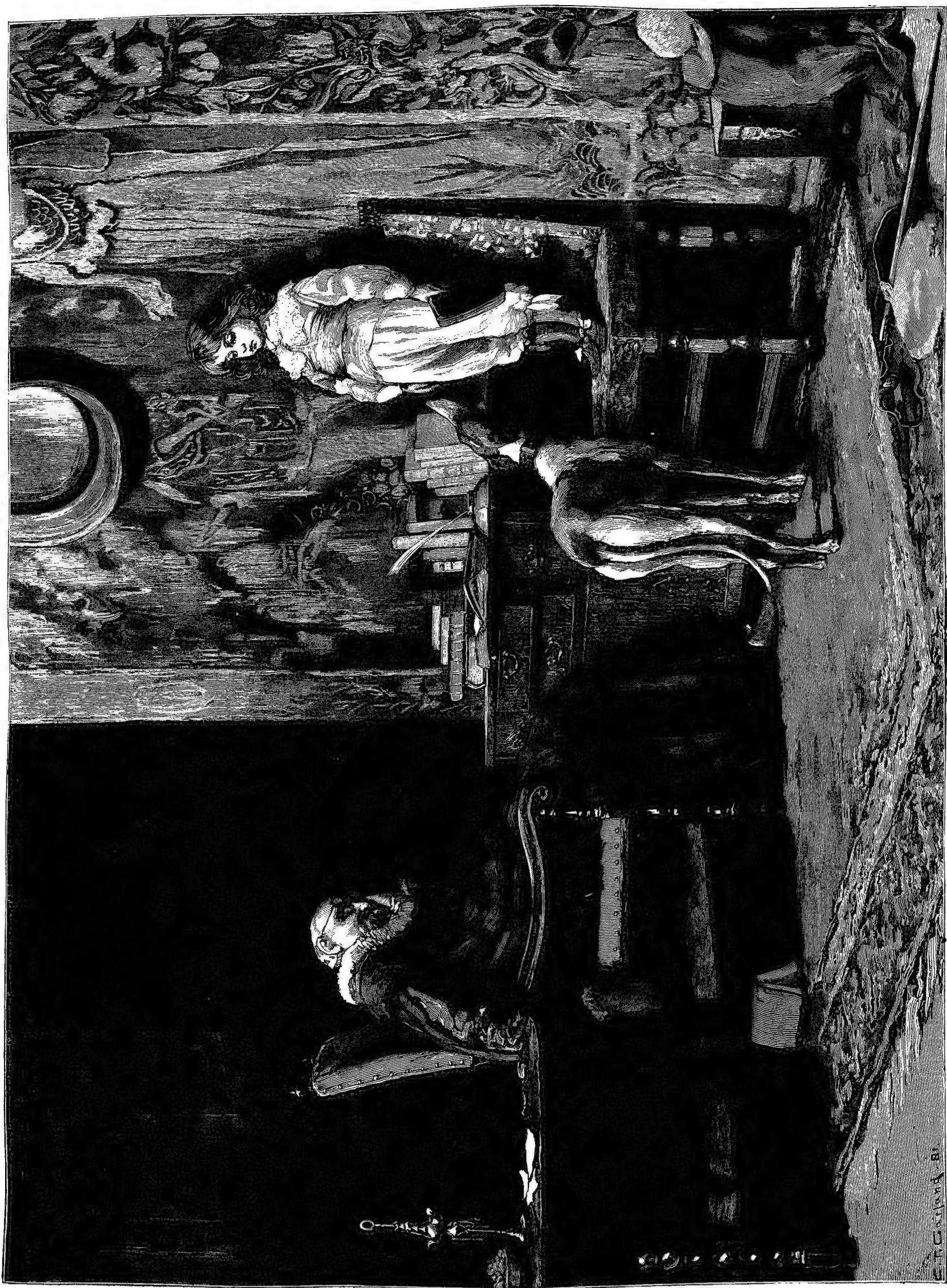
(Continued on page 353)



1. "Little Black Bear," Daughter of Cree Chief.—2. The Captain of the Gate, Fort Qu'Appelle.—3. Chief Cote, Fort Pelly.—4. Chief Osoop (Back Fat).—5. The Indian Who Did Not Want a Pipe of Tobacco.—6. Ravine in the Valley of the Qu'Appelle River.—7. Half-Breeds at Fort Qu'Appelle.—8. Crossing the Assiniboine at Fort Ellice, Aug. 13.—9. Pow Wow at Fort Qu'Appelle, Aug. 18 (Scene in the Yard).—10. Interviewing an Eighteen Months' Settler.—11. His Excellency Writing His Diary During the Midday Halt.—12. The Marquis of Lorne.—13. Under a Mosquito Tent: *The Times* in his Wigwam on the Prairie.—14. Waywaysacapo, "The Man that Always Stands Right." A Saulteux Chief.—15. The Governor-General's Ambulance.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—VI.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL.



"THE NAUGHTY BOY"
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. T. GARLAND, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS

BEER is the national and traditional beverage of Englishmen, and its existence in this country is popularly supposed to be among the things "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." As a matter of fact, however, beer, taken in the sense of a liquid of which hops form the principal ingredient, is a comparatively modern invention, being not more than three hundred years old or thereabouts; for the hop itself was quite unknown in the glorious days of the Edwards and Henrys, and only came in at the beginning of the sixteenth century. If we are to credit an old rhyme:

Hops, Reformation, Bays, and Beer,
Came into England all in one year;

the year in question being 1525, when hops were first brought from Flanders for cultivation in England. Several attempts made to introduce them previously had failed on account of the strong prejudice against their use. They were said to engender "melancholy and evil humours" in the mind of their consumer; so that it is not surprising to find that Henry VI. and other kings, careful of the souls and bodies of their lieges, issued ordinances against the culture of the obnoxious plant. In the reign of Henry VIII. the City of London presented a petition to Parliament begging it to prevent the use of hops, "in regard they would spoyle the taste of drink and endanger the people." A reaction in their favour appears to have taken place soon after, for in 1552 we find certain privileges granted to land planted with this crop, and twenty years later an Act was passed having for its direct object the encouragement of their cultivation. Reynolde Scott in his "Perfitte Platforme of a Hop Garden" is very severe on those who preferred ale made from malt alone to the new "beere." "If your ale," he says, "may endure a fortnight, your beere through the benefit of the hoppe shall continue a month, and what grace it yieldeth to the taste all men may judge that have sense in their mouths." Scott's contemporaries appear to have had "sense in their mouths," for the hop increased and multiplied, so that in 1604 it became necessary to pass an Act "for avoiding of deceit in buying, selling, or spending corrupt and unwholesome hops," and fifty years later Cromwell found it worth while to convert it into a source of revenue. This was the origin of the hop-duties, which were continued, with a brief intermission under the later Stuarts, for more than two centuries, until, after much discussion and agitation, they were commuted for a tax on brewers' licences by Mr. Gladstone's Budget of 1862. Free Trade in hops thus established led to a considerable importation of foreign growths; but the English hops are still esteemed the finest in the world, and the best Kentish, or those from Farnham in Surrey—technically known as "whitebines" and "goldings"—will fetch almost any price. Even in the most favoured parts of Kent, however, hop-growing is far from being an invariably profitable business. The extreme uncertainty of the crop, owing to its susceptibility to meteorological influences and the attacks of insects, render the trade hazardous and speculative in the most skillful hands. One year the grower may almost realise a fortune from his hops, and the next they may hardly pay the expenses of picking. Instances are on record of a crop being in one season five or six times as great as that obtained the season before from exactly the same acreage.

The hop-harvest, as is well-known, forms a regular holiday for a section of the London poor, who flock into Kent and Surrey and more distant Worcestershire and Herefordshire, to assist the rather sparse agricultural population in gathering the quick-ripening crop. Many of these "strangers," as the Kentish people call them, are London Irish, belonging to that class whose vocations are considerably interfered with by the migration from town which generally sets in about the time that hard-worked legislators are hastening to the moors and mountains. Curiously enough, the lowest fringes on the great fabric of London trade—the costermongers, fruit-vendors, flower-sellers, dealers in cats'-meat, piping-bullinches, and fresh groundsel—are almost as much affected by the summer exodus as fashionable West End tradesmen. They are glad enough naturally to bridge over the slack time by a few weeks among the hop-gardens, where fresh air, free lodgings, and good wages are to be got in return for work which can hardly be considered severe in comparison with their ordinary labours.

An active picker can earn from eighteen to twenty-five shillings a week, and as men, women, and children all work, a large family (and large families, it need hardly be said, are the rule in this class) can return from "hopping" very much the better in the way of worldly gear. Unfortunately the London Irish generally possess a "full measure of the providence of their nation, and many of them, after four or five weeks among the hop-gardens, find themselves back in the Borough Road only a very few shillings to the good—the balance of their gains being accounted for by "the choice and delicate drinke," as Reynolde Scott would say, retailed at the "Chequers" or the "Red Lion." This is the more to be regretted, because in many other respects their condition and conduct have much improved in recent years.

Terrible tales are told of their lawlessness in former times—of the shopkeepers of Maidstone on Saturday night cowering behind their closed shutters while the streets of their town surged with the drunken and half-savage mob, and of sanguinary pitched battles between two factions of infuriated Irish, fought out with "hop-dogs" and shillelahs, and seldom terminating without the death or disablement of some of the combatants. By the peaceful inhabitants of the Weald the annual advent of the twenty or thirty thousand wild immigrants from the metropolis is looked upon much as the invasion of a horde of barbarians might have been. Travelling about the roads and lanes after sunset was impossible for law-abiding people, and everything in the shape of what Mr. Wemmick would have called "portable property," from a hen-roost to a pint-measure, required to be guarded with a jealous eye. However this may have been in the past, nowadays they would appear to be on the whole, when not drunk, fairly orderly and well-conducted. Much of this improvement is probably due to the efforts which have been made to provide them with more decent dwelling-places during the period of their pilgrimage. In many places huts specially constructed for their use have been substituted for the dark, damp, and ill-ventilated barns in which men, women, and children were lodged promiscuously. Crowded as they were into such abodes in the hottest season of the year, it is not surprising that scarlet-fever and typhoid were no uncommon accompaniments or consequences of their month's "outing." In more than one quiet churchyard in the hop-country a stone cross may be seen dedicated, with pathetic brevity, to the memory of the nameless "strangers" who have met their death from some epidemic in the neighbouring fields and villages.

A Kentish hop-garden, with its long rows of tall poles, looking like small forest trees, with their rich creepers hanging from them in dark heavy clusters and festoons, and its lines of great sackcloth bins half-filled with the fragrant bine which hundreds of busy hands are piling into them, is a picturesque sight enough when seen from a little distance. The romance is rather apt to disappear with a closer inspection. The few native pickers, with their coarse, clean dresses, their clear blue eyes, and healthy brown skins, are sufficiently in keeping with the scene; but the immigrant, with his short clay pipe, his shock head of hair, his dirt and rags, or still worse, his (or her) attempts at East End finery, is a hopelessly unpoetical figure. But, if not beautiful to look at, the hop-picker is happy, and thoroughly enjoys his holiday. The Cockney Irishman, whatever may be his other faults, is seldom deficient in high spirits and vivacity. Conversation and repartee go on steadily from morn till dewy eve among the groups round the "pockets." Now and again the

measurers come round with their wooden tallies (for the accounts of the hop-garden are still kept by this primitive method), to be greeted with a storm of chaff, and occasionally perhaps by a volley of objurgations of exceeding power and penetration from some disappointed operator, convicted of too great a fondness for putting leaves and tendrils in the bin as well as the more valuable portion of the plant. Cheery jests are exchanged in rasping male accents and shrill feminine tones; and the children pelt one another with the bine, and revel in the sights and sounds of the country with a zest, made keener doubtless, by the remembrance of the crowded courts and reeking alleys in which eleven-twelfths of their poor little lives are passed.

S. J. L.

THE LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET—"THE CORNER"

As the cotton "corner" in Liverpool has attracted so much attention it may, perhaps, be interesting to those of our readers who are not already acquainted with the usages of the great cotton market to give them an outline of how business is conducted there.

The Liverpool market was originally the meeting-place of the merchant who imported the cotton, and the spinner who converted it into yarn, but so far back as the beginning of the present century it had been found necessary to employ third parties, who were called brokers, to act between buyers and sellers; and in 1841 the present Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association was formed by about ninety-two firms for the purpose of compiling cotton statistics, dealing with questions of importance, and to protect themselves and the interest of the trade generally. Since then the number of brokers has greatly increased, and the Association has now about 240 members, representing 182 firms, of whom a few of the most respected were amongst those first enrolled in 1841. The Association has its president and committee, who are elected at the annual meeting of the brokers, and these have the direction of its affairs.

At the present time the business is transacted entirely through the medium of these brokers, of whom some confine their attention to buying and some to selling, whilst others combine both businesses, charging a commission of half per cent. in each case. Their offices are situated in and close to the Exchange Buildings, and are open every morning about nine o'clock, but business does not generally commence until half-past, at which time the buying brokers or their salesmen, having had an intimation that a spinner would be down, may be seen going "round the market," which means they call at each selling broker's sale room and inquire for the description of cotton they want. There the samples are carefully rolled up, tied, and ticketed with marks and quantity. The buying broker orders what samples he thinks suitable in quality and price to be sent into his office, which is done very quickly by means of sample boys, so that in most cases when he returns from his rounds he finds a plentiful selection on his own counter awaiting the choice of the spinner. There are a few spinners, however, who adhere to the old practice of going round with the broker and ordering the cotton in themselves. As the buying broker is now prepared for the spinner, he proceeds about ten o'clock to the area or open square of the Exchange Buildings, which he terms "going on the Flags." There he mixes with other brokers and their representatives engaged in dealing in what is called "Futures," about which we shall have something to say further on. On "the Flags" they have a very pleasant way of combining business with pleasure, for they chat upon all subjects without interfering in any way with their work. Trade, politics, and amusements are freely talked of, and on the slightest subject of interest cropping up groups are quickly formed for observation and discussion. Anything said there appears to be considered *pro bono publico*, for there seems to exist a very friendly spirit amongst them, both master and servant.

As the Town Hall clock strikes the hour of eleven a slight stir may be noticed amongst these gentlemen "on 'Change," and their faces are turned towards the Association Offices in Brown's Buildings, from which a little grey-bearded gentleman issues, and announces his estimate of what the cotton sales are to be that day in a very distinct and impressive tone; he then moves among the busy crowd, apparently for information, and on being asked by a broker, who has not yet heard what the sales have been called, politely replies in some such stereotyped phrase as "Eight, can you help me?" or "A good ten; what do you think?"

This is Mr. Studley Martin, the worthy Secretary of the Association, who is a great favourite amongst brokers and merchants, not only in business, but, if we hear rightly, in social circles also. It is really surprising how correctly he estimates the daily sales; for when he makes his announcement in the morning that the sales will reach ten thousand bales, he cannot positively know that they will do so, because the business has not then been done; yet at the close of each week, when the returns of the sales, which are made by the brokers every Thursday afternoon, are given out at the weekly meeting of the Association on the Friday morning following, the figures generally show his estimate to be wonderfully near the mark.

By twelve o'clock the business is in full swing, the spinner has arrived, chosen his cotton, and has sent out his broker to bid for it. The latter, meeting the selling broker, either in his office or on 'Change, says something to this effect: "I have a lot of a hundred American in of yours, marked so and so, what is your price?" The price being named, say, sixpence nine-sixteenths, the buying broker says, "I will give you sixpence-halfpenny for fifty bales," which offer the selling broker either refuses, accepts, or submits to the merchant. There is very little haggling or bargaining: the brokers knowing their business so well that they can in most cases tell the value of the cotton to within one-sixteenth of a penny per pound; of course this does not apply to long-stapled or outside descriptions. Strange to say, no contract in writing passes between the brokers, the business being done verbally, but it is considered none the less binding on that account, which shows that a genuine amount of good faith exists between them, considering that an average of over ten thousand bales per day are being bought and sold in this way. At half past one o'clock the Committee meet to prepare a report of the state of the market for the daily circular, and to fix quotations. As soon as they have done this, the report and quotations are written on a board in the rooms of the Association, and are thus published to the trade. The buying and selling of actual cotton is generally over by half past two o'clock, but on an active day continues till much later. This is the mode of doing business in what is termed the "spot market" so called, because it pertains only to dealings in actual cotton then in Liverpool, and in distinction to "Futures," of which we will now speak.

"Futures" is the term applied to that department of the market in which cotton is bought and sold to arrive or for future delivery. This business is now the largest branch of the trade, and far exceeds that done "on the spot," in fact it has reached such proportions that we have heard that one firm alone has bought and sold (together) as much as forty thousand bales in one day. The dealing in "Futures" takes place on 'Change by word of mouth, and the business done is confirmed at the close of the day by the passing of contracts. The bulk of the cotton contracted for is on the basis of middling American, nothing below low middling to be tendered, and is to be delivered at any time during two named months at the seller's option. The quantity of each contract is generally one hundred bales, and the fraction of one sixty-fourth of a penny is often used in the price, as sixpence thirty-nine-sixty-fourths. To any one new to the business it requires a little calculation to use these fractions, but the brokers, so much accustomed to them, have them

off at their fingers ends. No fractions, however, below one thirty-second are quoted in the official circular. The state of the market during operations is ascertained by quotations given to a member of the "Futures" Committee, who only receives them from one of the parties to a contract, and these are at once placed on a board in the rooms of the Association. Contracts are made at all times throughout the day, but towards three o'clock the market grows somewhat quiet, awaiting the cablegrams from New York giving the opening state of that market, where a very much larger business is done in "Futures" than in Liverpool, amounting occasionally to over two hundred thousand bales per day. On receipt of the cablegrams business is resumed, and continues until an electric bell on 'Change, connected with the Association rooms, announces that business in "Futures" is over for the day, the hours for dealing in these being from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., except on Saturday, when the market closes at 1 P.M. No contract is recognised by the Association rules which has not been made within these hours.

As the contracts in "Futures" are so numerous, and as the cotton when tendered passes through many hands before reaching the last buyer, who takes delivery of it, there has been established in connection with the Association a Clearing House to facilitate settlements, which is presided over by a paid Chairman, who is noted for his strict integrity and ability. Two clearings take place daily, with the exception of Saturday, when there is only one, and at these all differences are paid and received through the medium of the Cotton Brokers' Bank.

"Futures," as may be imagined, are the chief medium for speculation in cotton, and it is through the means of the very extensive dealings in these commodities that the present "corner" in Liverpool has been brought about. The reputed originator of this "corner," Mr. Morris Ranger, is a man of uncommon appearance, and once seen is not easily forgotten. He is of medium height, broad, and well set, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, wears an imperial moustache, and narrow short whiskers cut close by his ears, his hair is dark and worn rather long, but is carefully trimmed; he has a fresh complexion and small bright intelligent eyes, the left eyelid having a slight droop. He dresses well in a style of his own, and he wears his hat with a slight cant to the right side. He is affable in manner, and said to be well liked by those he meets in the course of business. Altogether his bearing is one which would attract attention as that of a man of determination and importance.

A good deal has been written and said upon the subject of this cotton "corner," but, judging from the general tone of the press, we are inclined to think that spinners are in some measure to blame for the predicament they now find themselves in. It is said many of them were amongst those who "beared" the market and sold what they had not got, and they now wish to break down prices to save themselves from heavy loss. Also, that spinners would have been compelled to close their mills or have resorted to short time in any case, in consequence of the over-production of yarn, and are now making a virtue of necessity by stopping their mills, and crying out to the operatives that they are "cornered" as an excuse for throwing them out of employment. We hear it is contended by many that the big operator has been acting in a perfectly legitimate manner, for he bought, in the ordinary way, what was offered for sale, and made no secret of his intention to hold for a good profit; also that spinners had the opportunity of buying when he did, but they did not take advantage of it; and that practically there is no "corner" to the trade, for spinners can buy to-day (Sept. 23) as much cotton as they require if they are willing to do so on the basis of sevenpence-farthing per pound for "middling," at which figure this quality has been quoted several times during the past few years without any cry from spinners that they were "cornered."



"FOR LOVE HIMSELF TOOK PART AGAINST HIMSELF" is the motto chosen by Mr. Percy Greg for the title page of "Ivy: Cousin and Bride" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett). The motto is more happily and appropriately chosen than the title. The situation upon which the story is founded is strained and forced enough, not to say unlikely. A man, in opposition to his own dearest wishes, feels himself bound to marry a girl in order that her fortune may not, as of right it should, pass to him, and that she may remain in ignorance of her wrongful possession. The story itself is that of two exceptionally, and even exaggeratedly, noble and delicate natures placed in this singularly false position towards one another; of the way in which the growth of love after marriage was turned into fresh bitterness by the equally balanced delicacy and self-mistrust of the hearts in which it grew; and finally, of a happy ending that, in the case of less fine natures, would have been brought about with ease. Both groundwork and story are full of extreme difficulty, both of general effect and of detail. As to matters of detail, Mr. Greg has contrived to conquer them without leaving a single weak point unguarded, and he has so managed his after story as to give living interest and an air of necessity to a romance of character, which, in less skillful hands, would have seemed too purely ideal for substantial sympathy. It is a great deal to make his readers perceive how an approach to ideal perfection may be made fully as interesting as passion or sentiment under circumstances which are eminently adapted for the usual treatment of the two latter qualities. As in "Errant," though in a curiously different manner, Mr. Greg succeeds in infecting us with his belief in the vitality of poetical chivalry both in men and women—that a Bayard is quite as likely, if not quite so common, and fully as interesting as any more popular and more selfishly-passionate sort of hero. The one real fault in the novel (which, by the way, is admirably written) comes from the sense which the author appears to have of his own difficulties. He is afraid of being insufficiently understood, and therefore, for the sake of clearness, explains too much, and repeats himself too often. His difficulties thus appear to be even greater than they are, instead of being concealed. In reality, there is not a point which, at its first statement, is not perfectly clear. Apart from this, "Ivy" deserves warm praise and welcome, both for its literary qualities and for its interest as a subtle study of what we trust is not an altogether ideal aspect of the possibilities of human nature.

"Wanted, an Heir," by C. L. Pirakis (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is also an interesting story, and is better written than most novels. It is a good example of what the average novel is not, but ought to be, and would be if the average novelist possessed the average amount of intelligence and care. A new character is suggested, if not kept up or worked out, in the person of Oina—a girl who has been brought up by her father, a book-crazed scholar, in the fancy that classical mythology represents the belief and faith of the modern world, and is caught by a clergyman in the act of making a solemn offering of flowers to a sylvan deity. Much more might have made of a modern pagan when she found herself thrown upon the real world, and it is rather disappointing when Oina, like a good girl, gives up her Latin and Greek, takes to housekeeping, and develops into one of the heroines of a love-story. In more conventional characters the author is more at home. Roger Carthew, for instance, is a real young man, though a little idealised, and all the persons concerned act naturally, without running into any extremes of virtue and villainy. Though not of high mark, "Wanted, an Heir" is to be recommended as a novel,

good in its degree, which is sure to please and interest the majority of readers and to displease none.

"Rose," by the Hon. Mrs. Cradock (2 vols. : Chapman and Hall), is an average novel in the severest sense of the word. It comes from nothing, and comes to nothing. The characters cannot be called unnatural, remembering that the doing of uninteresting things in a stupid way is not an unknown quality, but their sayings and doings are topics for the humourist—not for the authoress of "Rose." It is simply extraordinary that so many novelists, who must needs be novel readers, should seem to assume that what could not possibly interest them, if written by other people, is likely to prove interesting to others. The production of stories like "Rose" argues an undeserved contempt for the intelligence of novel readers at large.

"A Rose in the Sawdust" is the first of a collection of stories by Mrs. Compton Reade (3 vols. : Tinsley Bros.). The heroine is a circus rider, who sketches from nature, plays the more difficult pianoforte works of Schumann, and makes extracts from Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure." A nobleman introduces her to his fiancée, falls in love with her, and makes her a present of a farm, which suicide prevents her from enjoying. The story is chiefly remarkable for an absolute absence of common sense and probability. The tales that follow are too trivial for special mention.



WHEN we are choosing the materials for useful and durable costumes, to be worn daily six times a week by governesses, students, and other working women, whose avocations compel them to brave all weather, it is prudent to select something that is warm and yet light in texture, and that will not look limp and shabby after a good wetting. The whole family of serges may be safely relied on for this purpose, if of a good quality; it is false economy to buy them cheap at this season. Young people with good complexions and slender figures may wear any shade of stone, grey, or light mixtures, but those who are stout and middle-aged should choose the dark green, brown, or blue shades. The speckled heather mixtures are fashionable, and do not spot so easily as plain cloth. There are many varieties of checks and plaids prepared for this month to suit grave and gay tastes. Our country readers cannot do better than send for patterns to some well-known London firm, whilst those in the metropolis can choose for themselves on the spot.

A few words as to the making of our useful costumes. Lovers of change will exclaim when we advise the old favourite kilted flounce, knee-deep, from which no variation has taken the style and utility. Coming home fagged after a day of teaching, or being taught, with a concert or merry-making in prospect, the deep-kilted skirt, when thoroughly dried, will soon be brushed and ready for to-morrow, whilst with puffings, if left with the dust in them they will soon look shabby. Gaged, puffed, and honeycombed sleeves and bodices, are very stylish for home wear, but far more useful and durable are the plain sleeves with turned-up cuffs, simply trimmed with tubular braid, or wide and narrow Russian braid, and bone or ivory buttons. By the way always provide a dozen surplus buttons to supply losses, as they are often difficult to match. Another useful revival is the *toque* hat, made of the same material as the dress. Here again it may be urged that a number of far more stylish shapes are in fashion: granted; of them we shall speak anon, at the same time it cannot be denied that no shapes are more generally becoming than the *toque* and the diadem. The really short dress, now worn for all walking occasions, is a boon to those daily pedestrians, as is also the crinoline, which keeps the skirts from dabbling against the heels; here again cheap imitations of the genuine article must be avoided, as they are apt to collapse when sat upon, and to produce a laughable effect. The items of useful attire which mark the refined gentlewoman, however humble her position, are the boots and stockings, the former should be made to order, with strong waterproofed soles; the latter, of the best possible quality in fine wool. Money is not wasted but invested in these two articles of female apparel.

There is a warmth and richness of colour and material in the fabrics for winter wear, morning, noon, and night, which is appropriate for the dark and, probably, foggy time to come. For day dress toilettes, cashmere, trimmed with velvet, silk, or satin, or with the costly, but graceful, short-haired plush, will be worn. Anything more pliable and elegant than this short-haired plush, which lends itself to graceful folds as drapery, or for a complete dress, cannot be found. This material may be truly styled artistic, as many really æsthetic personages have already discovered. Those of our readers who make up their minds to have a really good, and even costly, material made up for dinner and evening wear, and courageously determine to appear in it, not once or twice only, but twenty times once, may well venture upon a dress of plush; black, or some very dark rich colours are best for this arrangement, as they do not carry date so much, and may be varied with lace *fichus* and other trimmings. It is not at all a bad plan to dress after some ancient or modern portrait in accordance with the type of features of the model or imitator.

A dead set has been made against our old friend alpaca; it has been found fault with for its "lustrous appearance," its "stiffness," and "stubborn refusal to be draped." Indignant writers speak of "cheap alpacas" as fraudulent imitations of their betters; but given a fine silky alpaca of moderate price, it is infinitely more presentable than many other materials at twice its cost; as a foundation upon which to drape silk, satin, or even rich velvet, no better can be found.

But some of our readers will ask, "What is worn by Parisians at their country chateaux, where really the autumn fashions are set?" The leading themes, if we may use the term, are shot-silks and satins: for example, red shot with gold, blue with green, and a variety of mixtures tedious to describe. Lace of the richest and costliest description is used for trimming. Here we find hostess and guests vying with each other in copying and even improving upon the costumes of past ages. At a garden party given by a Parisian Marquise, some fifty or more miles beyond Paris, the following charming toilettes may be selected from a host of "elegant creations":—A skirt of steel-coloured plush, on which was a flounce of satin two shades lighter, about eight inches deep, with a finely gathered heading of the same depth. A deep tight-fitting jacket of plush fastened down the back with chased silver buttons, below the jacket a scarf of shaded steel to white satin, finely gathered in front and on the hips, looped at the back, the ends fringed with steel and silver flagree lace. With this costume was worn a hat, of the Diana Vernon shape, made of shaded steel to white plush, with a long ostrich feather to match, a deep crimson rose was placed just above the ear, and another, a shade lighter, on the left shoulder.

Whilst the gentlemen are out shooting the ladies amuse themselves by visiting the poultry yard and dairy, and this affords an opportunity for the daintiest of *opéra bouffe* toilettes; stockings of the finest and brightest hued wool, shoes, with cork soles, to simulate *sabots*, very short superfine flannel, scarlet, blue, or cream-coloured petticoats, and over-dresses of brocaded chintz, looped up on the left side with a cascade of ribbons; a Leghorn hat, trimmed with poppies and other field flowers, the result is most picturesque, and the costumes come in during the winter for charades and

tableaux.—Hand-painted trimmings will be much worn this season, the more original the design the greater the success, whether for tabliers or bands. Our artistic readers will do well to utilise their floral sketches for this purpose. The Princess skirt, opening upon a petticoat of contrasting material and colour, will be the favourite style for autumn evening toilettes.

Autumn mantles are large, flowing, and somewhat over-trimmed, so that a stout figure looks fussy, and even a slim figure appears overweighted. Fine cloth or corded silk long jackets, with very deep cuffs and collars of velvet, are the most becoming of the fashionable models. Fur trimmings have already made their appearance, but must not be thought of until next month, else where shall we be when the winter really comes?

The hats and bonnets for the *début* are very stylish; as yet, for sunny days, we need not bid farewell to white, although the material must be, or at all events look, warm. As is usually the case at this season, both hats and bonnets are made of or almost covered with feathers, which for the moment have superseded flowers. A variety of the *genus* plush is used for headgear, together with smooth felt or beaver, and rough felt; long, full ostrich feathers are very fashionable, fastened in with cut steel ornaments, which latter, by the way, must be put away in magnesia powder whenever the weather is damp, or they will rust and spoil, hence silver, mother-o'-pearl, gold, or jet are more useful than this perishable metal.

Fringes are made most elaborately, more than a quarter of a yard deep, of chenille and cut jet beads; they look remarkably handsome black, on crimson or gold colour, as three flounces à l'Espagnole, worn with a low square bodice, and a deep Spanish lace bodice, edged with a narrow fringe.

The colours in vogue for autumn are faded leaf, nasturtium, greens of every shade, deep reds and yellows, mauve of shades from the lightest to the darkest, and for evening wear striking contrasts of the palest and deepest reds.

A NIGHT ON THE STY HEAD PASS

"D'ye see yon white torrent coming over that gap right up in the mountain?" We did. "And d'ye see yon mist hanging over it?" We saw that also. "Then that's where ye've got to go. That's where the Sty Head Pass is. Ye go over an iron bridge, then ye go over a stone bridge, and then ye go over a wooden bridge. Then ye leave a tarn on your left, and the house ye want is the first one the other side of the Pass. How far? Just seven mile from here. But ye'll do it. Ye'll be over before dark." And nodding a cheery good-night the old boy turned into his cosy cottage.

It was only half-past seven; but there were heavy clouds in the sky and deep purple shadows on the mountains which made it appear later. We were already tired, having crossed mountains, traversed bogs, and scrambled down rough stony roads earlier in the day. A decayed sign-post at the entrance to a wood bore the half-obliterated legend: "To Wastdale." The old man's iron bridge could not now be far distant, and here it was, close by, spanning the infant Derwent, which was swollen to the full extent of its stony bed, and which gurgled loudly, and poured impetuously along to flood the meadows at the other end of Borrowdale. That light gleaming through the dusk indicated the hamlet of Seathwaite, and we were at the foot of the Pass.

"Is the road pretty plain over the Pass?" we inquired of an unkempt woman standing at her door. "Is t' road pretty plain over t' Pass?" she bawled to a man lounging further off. "It's not so bad," replied the loafer; "there's a pony-track all the way;" and a minute after we were winding along the road which zigzags up the Pass.

Night was coming on rapidly. Glaramara loomed vaguely through the dusk, and the eye could not penetrate the black depths of Grain's Gill. But above us the white torrent foamed splendidly over, making a conspicuous guide, and there was yet light enough to see the path dimly. Soon the stone bridge was reached and crossed, and the path made a steeper ascent.

"Seems like a bog here," said B—presently, after we had wound along the detestable stony zigzags for some time in silence; "and I can't find the path." It was a bog; small, but peaty and soft, and the path had entirely disappeared. However, there was the depression of the Pass dimly visible in front, and though we had passed above the torrent, its stream still guided us. Besides, the tarn was somewhere before us, and that wooden bridge of which the old man had spoken. So we struggled out of the bog, and climbed upwards and onwards along sloping ground covered with long grass and large boulders. Presently to our satisfaction our boots grated again on the stones, and we were once more on the narrow pony-track.

Darkness was now fully upon us; the wind had risen, and heavy wreaths of mist were creeping ominously along the mountain on our left. The gloom of the situation suddenly forced itself upon me, and for the first time a doubt came into my mind as to whether we should reach our destination. Returning, however, were now as tedious as going on, and each of us kept his reflections to himself. The ground seemed more level, and though the path was in many places simply a watercourse, we could find it always by shuffling our feet upon its stones.

And there, at last, was the old man's wooden bridge—a mere plank spanning a rapid stream, and on the other side the path was more of a watercourse than ever, but was still to be detected and followed by diligent shuffling of the feet. And that strange patch of darkness visible; could that be the tarn? It certainly was. We could wish the still water with our sticks as the path passed close to its margin. Then the path turned away, and wound between enormous boulders, and we thought we must shortly be beginning the descent, when—ominous event!—the stones no longer grated under our feet—we had stepped on to the grass. Immediately we tried back, got on to the path again, and again, at the same spot, stepped from it on to the grass. There was no doubt that at that point the path ended. Where did it go on? We went yards forward, sweeping round with our sticks, and found nothing but grass and boulders; we tried up the slope on our right, and fell into a stream tumbling down the mountain side; we got out of that to plunge ankle-deep into a morass. A chill and driving mist swept down the Pass, and the darkness was so intense that neither of us could see the other when we stood side by side.

"I'm afraid we've lost that path altogether," said B—, not unhelpfully; "but let us get out of this bog, and have another try for it." So we tried again for a full hour with no better result. "Perhaps," I suggested, when we had landed once more in the morass, "perhaps that inn isn't so far away after all. They might come and fetch us in with lanterns if they knew we were here. Let's try a shout." So we joined our voices in loud "Hilloos," then listened breathlessly for a reply.

The cataracts roared in their courses, and the winds moaned around Great End, but no sound of human voice fell upon our ears. "It's a question of stopping out all night," I remarked rather dimly; "let's get to those large boulders—there'll be shelter there in case it rains." But to find those boulders, though they were within a few yards of us, was an impossible task. Suddenly I tripped and almost fell over a small rock. In exasperation we determined to search no further, but to remain on this absurd stone, so small as barely to afford room for two to sit upon it, and sloping at such an angle that one of us had to maintain an unsteady balance on the upper point, while the other was constantly tending to slide down.

"It'll be light soon after three, and of course we mustn't fall asleep," said B—. "What is there we can use in that bag?" "Two nightshirts, hair brushes and combs, one sponge-bag, with contents, one pair of woollen slippers," I replied. "Good," said B—, "I shall put on my nightshirt; it will help to keep me warm." "And I," I replied, "shall fold up mine and sit upon it. This rock is cold and wet." This effected, we next took off our soaking boots and socks, B— encasing one foot in a woollen slipper and the other in a brush and comb bag, while the other slipper and a waterproof sponge-bag served for me. It must, we judged, be about eleven before we had completed these toilette arrangements. The wind had lulled, and looking up, Cassiopeia was to be seen gleaming down on us through a rift in the clouds. But all hopes of a fine night were speedily dissipated. The stars vanished, and heavy drops of rain began to fall. Up went the umbrella (how we blessed that arrangement of silk and wire!), we crouched together into the smallest possible space, and the storm began. The rain rushed down in sheets, splashed up from the grass and rocks around us, and hissed into the tarn in front.

How ghostly a part that tarn played in our six hours' vigil! By day and in sunlight, with the trout leaping merrily at the flies, and the tiny waves lapping its pebbly shore, there is no more cheerful object than that secluded tarn; but at night, when you know that its silent waters are within a few feet, and yet when you are conscious of them only by the weird half-lights induced upon its surface by the play of the breeze, or the rush of the gusts, when the trout are asleep and the cataracts loud, then it becomes impressive and forbidding.

It was a weary time that we passed on that stone. Our conversation at first was lively—almost brilliant; then it died away, and at last long pauses were frequent. "Belated!" murmured B—, after one of these; "I've heard the word often: now I know what it means," and the umbrella gave a lurch, and let in the rain full upon us. "Why you're falling asleep, old fellow," I exclaimed, roused from drowsiness myself by the sudden extra damp, "that'll never do; let's sing songs." But that we were not equal to. The rain streamed steadily down, we grew colder and colder, and stiffer and stiffer, the torrents roared louder and louder, but dawn came nevertheless, and crept over Sprinkling Fell. Shortly after 3 A.M., we could just discern the grass and rough rocks immediately around us, and now we could see each other. And at sight of B—, with bare ankles, and such strange foot-coverings, his nightshirt hanging damply around him, and shapeless slouched hat surmounting all, such peals of laughter burst from me as must have startled the early shepherd or industrious dalesman, had any such chanced just then to be crossing the Pass. The rain ceased, and shortly after four there was light enough to pursue the way with safety. We slowly stretched our stiffened limbs, thrust our bare feet into our wet boots, crushed the night-shirts and slippers into the knapsack, looked wearily round at the scene of our vigil, at Great End and Great Gable growing definite in the increasing light, and got once more on the stony path.

When, at the turn of the Pass, the half-dozen houses of Wastdale came into view two miles below, we smiled as we thought of our futile shouts of a few hours before. As we descended, the mist rolled gradually away from the rocky front of Lingmell, and the grey of early morning had given place to the white light of full day when, at five o'clock, we knocked at the hospitable door of Burnthwaite.

Many times since that night I have crossed the Sty Head Pass; sometimes with ladies, sometimes with ponies and guides, sometimes alone, in rain and in sunshine, and I never fail to look with interest at that little rock at the bend of the path near the tarn.

C. N. W.

A WOMAN'S COLLEGE YEAR

A world of grass, and waving trees,
Of rippling water, cool and clear,
Of night-birds, singing to the breeze,
A College Year.

Of grave grey walls, benign and stately,
Of quiet nooks, and corners dear,
Of Proctors, moving by sedately,
A College Year.

A world of music, soft and grand,
A taste of Heaven for pilgrims here,
A wandering sailor's glimpse of land,
A College Year.

A world of books and sober thought,
The glorious past brought very near,
Young scholars by dead thinkers taught,
A College Year.

A world of students, wise and good,
Of girlish laughter, sweet and clear,
A world of budding womanhood,
A College Year.

A world of friends with loving faces,
And hearts all quick to soothe or cheer,
Of struggles, victories, and "Graces,"
A College Year.

What can we say in parting, meet
To show the world we hold you dear?
"God bless the place that made so sweet
A College Year."

For all the help and all the care,
For memories fond of each dear face,
We say, and say it as a prayer,
"God bless the place."

E. F. G.,
A Newnham Student.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—A correspondent from Ireland writes thus:—"Allow me to thank you sincerely for the true and manly way you have written for many months past on the mischievous agitation allowed to grow, and still growing in this unfortunate country. Could this country only obtain a few years of peace and quietness, and if political agitation, such as that carried on by the Land League, were firmly and decisively put down, if people were only allowed to mind their own business, then indeed the country would advance rapidly and prosper. The great bulk of the people are sick and weary of the present agitation, and many a time has it been said to me by respectable, independent tenants, 'Why does not the Government put a stop to these meetings, and break up the League?' But through fear they are coerced into joining and seemingly participating in the proceedings, kept up and worked on by interested parties who find it too paying a business to let it drop. I know as a fact, as the owner of a small estate, on which the rents with very few exceptions (and those are tenants under the so-called Griffith's valuation, who never paid punctually), were always paid with the greatest regularity and satisfaction, and they have said to me, 'What do we want? Our rents are fair, and we have fair prices for everything, but we are driven to do what we disapprove of.' Excuse me for trespassing on your time, but I have read and heard others remark on the sound sense contained in your articles, and in none more than the last lines of that of the 17th September, on the 'Proposed Irish Exhibition.'



HARVEST HOME IN THE HOP COUNTRY



A MOURNFUL interest attaches to "Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls" (Kegan Paul and Co.). Frank Oates was an Oxford man of much promise, one of the late Professor Rolleston's favourite pupils. Weak health prevented him from taking a degree; and, after some years of quiet travel in our own islands, and a trip to America, his love of natural history took him to South Africa, his intention being to visit some of the unexplored country to the north of the Zambesi. On New Year's Day, 1875, he reached the Victoria Falls, and admired the spray rainbows which are such a marked feature in the scene, and which gave the Falls their old native name. One of the coloured prints, which prove Mr. Oates to have been no mean artist, represents the western end of the Falls with the double rainbow spanning the abyss, "so brilliant that the colouring can scarcely be exaggerated." Soon after leaving the Zambesi Mr. Oates fell ill of fever, and died in a few days despite the careful nursing of Dr. Bradshaw and other companions. Such are the chief facts embodied in a very touching memoir by his brother, who compares him to Jacquemont and to Kingsley's friend Charles Mansfield. The narrative, given as much as possible as the writer left it, gains in directness and freshness more than it loses through lack of the editing hand. It is full of interesting sketches of Boers, of Bushmen, of life round Pretoria, of hunting, and of native dances. Of the Boers Mr. Oates's opinion changed. At first he writes: "They are rather good sort of people; and, though trying to get every penny they can in a bargain, honest on the whole, and hospitable." By and by his verdict is: "The more I see of them, the more I see through them." Like other travellers, he found the Europeanised native far less satisfactory than his unsophisticated brother; and in his judgment neither ranks very high: "It is impossible to get on with Kafirs and Hottentots without severity. Kindness is thrown away upon them, and makes them worse than they are. They are almost to a man dishonest, lazy, and impudent." One tribe treats another with excessive cruelty; Matabele, for instance, call Mashonas dogs, and behave to them accordingly. But all join in persecuting the wretched Bushmen. The appendix contains descriptions by Professor Westwood, Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, &c., of the insects, birds, serpents, and plants, collected by Mr. Oates. The task of arranging this very large collection (now in the British Museum) delayed the publication of a work which all who care to know the realities of African travel will welcome with delight.

It is a grand mistake to think that French writers are not thorough; even their trifles are elaborate, and when they do go in for research they are more laborious than the most patient German, though less given to flaunt before the world the evidence of their hard work. M. Beljame, unlike many of his countrymen, does not relegate his "authorities" to an appendix of *pièces justificatives*. He gives us them in foot-notes, after the fashion of our own historians; and it is proof of his industry that he has actually found a good gleaner even where he has come after the omnivorous Macaulays. We do not always see how the relative position of "Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres au Angleterre au 18^e Siècle" (Hachette) is made clearer by raking in the filth of the Restoration literature; but M. Beljame shows as full an acquaintance with the more savoury writings of the generation which followed. His aim is to trace the growth of a reading and appreciative public—the grand change from the days when a playwright also wrote for some great man who patronised the company that was to act the piece, and the gradual recognition of the public as patron. Dryden and Addison are representatives of the two periods (to them and Pope M. Beljame limits his field); Dryden looked to the Court, Addison to society in general. But this change of patrons would not in itself have purified literature. Congreve and Granville are almost as shameless as their predecessors; the change was mainly due to the influence of a few men, Collier, and above all Addison, whose peculiar charm M. Beljame is never weary of extolling. Steele (whose *Ta'er* has a strange look as *Le Babillard*) also ranks high among the reformers. They were hindered, thinks M. Beljame, by holding office—"doing mere clerk's work," instead of wholly giving themselves up to literature. The two kinds of work are combined, without loss to literature, by some of our most popular writers nowadays. The mischief then was that men of letters looked on literary work simply as a passport to office. Swift, for instance, did not care to put his name to any of his writings; and even of Addison it was said:—"his party services contributed more to his advancement than all his laudable efforts to refine our manners." Few will echo M. Beljame's regret that Addison's taking office again after Anne's death deprived the world of his tragedy of *Socrates* and of the finish of his "Evidences of Christianity." Our own opinion is that the wholesome neglect of Walpole and George II. did more for literature than even Addison himself. It forced authors to look to a wider field; and Pope had already proved how a literary man might keep his independence. But it is M. Beljame's thoroughness, more than his general views, which makes his book so well worth reading. He has used the British Museum to some purpose. He knows the names of all the little newspapers which sprang to life after the abolition of censure in 1695. He is quite aware that *The English Mercurie*, 1588, reputed our earliest paper, is *un faux*. He quotes all sorts of authors; and (wonder of wonders) he is wholly free from the usual French mistakes in proper names, titles, &c. We heartily recommend his book.

Mr. Greener, of whose "Gun and its Developments" (Cassell) we said a few words last week, thinks that gunpowder was used in India in Alexander the Great's time, quoting Philostratus's life of Apollonius of Tyana to that effect. Marcus Græcus, A.D. 846, describes its composition; and from him, or from a Spanish treatise written in 1249, and now in the Escorial, Roger Bacon probably derived his knowledge. Seville was defended with cannon in 1247; indeed, Moors as well as Spaniards habitually used these engines a century before Crecy. Besides the archæology of gun-making, our author describes the different kinds of powder, among them the "giant cube," which has to be glazed with graphite. He also gives hints about "the gun of the future." Of course, Mr. Greener believes that Birmingham is quite a match for London in gun-making.

The sad case of young Mr. Boyd, shot in a car by his father's side, is still fresh in the minds of many of us. In a "Boycotted Household" (Smith and Elder) Miss Letitia McClinckott introduces this incident with thrilling effect, though whether her story as a whole was worth writing we take leave to doubt. Of course she writes from the landlords' point of view; and the landlord whose troubles she describes is not a Bence Jones, but one of "the rale ould stock." She is so far correct that the Land League has certainly not in all cases drawn a distinction between the new men and the old families. The rentless condition and consequent little worries of the Hamiltons of Castle Hamilton are amusingly told. Neither poverty, however, nor the state of the country, can damp the spirits of the younger Hamiltons. Indeed, the harrowing catastrophe to which the story leads up does not hinder hunting, snipe-shooting, and love-making *galore*.

"Half Hours with Greek and Latin Authors" (Horace Cox) is a good idea only fairly carried out. From the standard translations Messrs. Jennings and Johnstone have culled passages out of all the chief classics down to Seneca and Plutarch. The passages are not

always those by which the authors are best known. Of Lucian, for instance, there are choicer and more favourite *morceaux* than "an encomium on flies," and from Horace more characteristic Odes might have been chosen, though we are glad to know how Lord Thurlow and Sir James Cam Hobhouse and Swift rendered their poet. The compilers are not always so partially successful in their choice. Polwhele, unknown himself, is a very poor representative of Tyrtæus, and we pity the non-classical reader who has to form his estimate of Hesiod from Elton or of Æschylus from Potter. Wheelwright's "Pindar," too, and Francklin's "Sophocles" are "standards" which few care to take down from their shelves. Martial is better dealt with, the search for translators having ranged from Cowley to the *Westminster Review*. It is a pity the compilers did not go equally far afield in other cases.

Every *conscript*, we know, carries in his knapsack the *bâton* of Field-Marshal; but Mr. Thayer in "From Log Cabin to White House" (Hodder and Stoughton), does not teach us that every sharp lad in the Western States is a potential President. True, Lincoln and Garfield were both steeped in poverty in their youth; and the one worked as a carpenter, the other as a pioneer boy. But such carpenters and such pioneer boys are rare even in Ohio. Industry, integrity, and perseverance are not enough; there must be tact and thoroughness and decision, and that self-confidence which is essential as a passport to success. Nor will all these suffice without the help of circumstances; both Lincoln and Garfield were what, for want of a better epithet, are called lucky men. Both were compromise candidates; but it is not always that such a candidate has a chance in the contest for the Presidency. Still, Mr. Thayer's book is a capital one for boys. It is as lively as one of Captain Mayne Reid's novels; indeed one wonders who can possibly have told him all the anecdotes of childhood and boyhood and youth which he has so dramatically interwoven with his story. That, however, is not our business. Whether Mr. Thayer owes his facts to frequently interviewing the late President or his mother we know not; much that is here recorded could have come from no third source. The important point is that he whose sad death has sent a pang through half the world, was as conscientious and high-spirited and thorough as a boy as he was when in 1868, returned from his European tour, he risked his seat in Congress by standing firm against the heresy of paying the national debt in greenbacks. Like so many remarkable men he owed a great deal to his mother, who was left a widow when he was only eighteen months' old. She was a descendant of the Huguenot Maturin Ballan, whose church the "Elder Ballan Meeting-house" is still preserved in Cumberland, R.I. In her Mr. Thayer finds the "indomitable perseverance, tact, talents, fortitude, and large executive ability," which her son displayed in such a remarkable degree. "If you learn well, my boy, you may grow up yet to be a General," was the teacher's verdict after James's first day at school. "You was born to be a carpenter, I guess; and perhaps you'll be a boss before you're twenty-one," said the carpenter of whom, when only thirteen years old, he earned a dollar a day at planing boards. "It's true, James; you have performed it," said the teacher at the winter school, when the embryo President did the sum of which the said teacher had often declared "the answer must be wrong." And he was gentle as he was sharp and energetic. He shamed his comrades out of persecuting cats, and stood up manfully in defence of little boys, and frightened a swearing bullying carter by drawing himself up to his full height, "looking more like a strong man than a boy of fourteen," and saying in a thundering voice: "Better thrash me first." His sensitiveness made him touchy; he had been working for a "black-salter" (potash maker), who was as kind to him as if he had been his own son, and whom he saved from the cheating of the farmers who brought in the ashes; yet he left him at a moment's notice because the man's daughter, who was "courting" in the one sitting-room, said: "I should think it's time for *hired servants* to be a bed." There is a valuable lesson in young Garfield's way of disposing of a school rebellion, and bringing his wrong-doing comrade to apologise; and also in his refusing a lucrative mastership at Troy High School because gratitude bound him to Hiram Institute. In fact, almost every page of the book has its lesson; and a better five-shillings' worth it would be impossible for any one to find who is interested in awakening the powers and stirring up the ambition of boys.

Turning from books to pictures, Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Son have lately published an etching by Paul Rajon of Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture, "The Smoker." The subject depicted is that of a gentleman in seventeenth century costume lighting his pipe, and the work is executed with a delicacy and clearness which proves that our modern practisers of this, which was once nearly a lost art, are rapidly rivalling the ancient masters of the craft.—Every one who has visited Pavia has of course also visited the celebrated Certosa, or Carthusian Monastery, the most magnificent in Italy, perhaps in the world. Of this famous building, Theodor Schuller, of Leipsic, has lately published twenty admirable photographs, executed by A. Noack. This unique series has been selected as prizes by the Science and Art Department of the Educational Committee, South Kensington.

MICHELANGELO AND BANDINELLI

THE interesting question as to the picture in the National Gallery which has been raised in *The Times* by the letter of Mr. J. C. Robinson, pointing out a passage in Vasari that seems to refer to it, has unfortunately been left undecided. The picture, No. 790, "The Entombment of Our Lord," is described in the catalogue (now out of print) as "by Michelangelo, a composition of seven figures, small life size, an unfinished picture. Partly if not entirely painted in tempera, on wood, 5 ft. 3½ in. high by 4 ft. 11 in. wide. St. John (or Nicodemus), Joseph of Arimathea, and Mary Magdalen are carrying the body of Christ supported by a strap or twisted sheet, up winding steps to the tomb. On the left is a female, Salome, seated on the ground; on the opposite side are two female figures, Mary, wife of Cleophas, and the Virgin, the latter in obscure outline only, and kneeling." This is a very inadequate description, as it says nothing of the sky and landscape background, with the city of Jerusalem rather minutely painted. Vasari's account in his "Life of Bandinelli" is that about 1526 he undertook a picture for the Church of Castello, and made a fine cartoon for it, in which were the dead Christ with the Maries, Nicodemus, and other figures, but he did not paint the picture ("ma la tavola non dipinse") for the reason he afterwards gives, which was that Bandinelli, knowing his inability to paint well, desired Agnolo Bigio to carry out this Castello picture ("di far condurre"), but it remained unfinished, the cause being the change of Government in Florence in 1527, when the Medici left Florence after the sack of Rome, and Bandinelli did not feel safe. Mr. Robinson's translation was sufficiently accurate, although it was much carpied at by Mr. Poynter, to support his "discovery" that Vasari had so far described the picture designed by Bandinelli, and left unfinished by Bigio, who was employed to paint it. It is remarkable that "the Maries" ("le Marie") are expressly mentioned by Vasari, and that in our picture No. 790, there are the three Maries. But it must be admitted, as Mr. Poynter says, the picture is not specially described, and the words would apply to any other "Entombments." Still, considering how very vague most of Vasari's descriptions of pictures are, the measure being rarely given, we must accept this evidence as good because it applies to No. 790, and to so few other Entombments. Next it is remarkable that Vasari, the intimate friend of Michelangelo, does not make any reference to an "Entombment" painted or begun by him. It is difficult to believe that had Michelangelo, even in his earlier years, begun to paint such an

important picture and left it unfinished, it would not have been seen by Vasari, or at least known to him, and especially because he so very seldom painted an easel picture. Mr. Robinson points to this as incredible. The conclusion forced upon us is that Michelangelo never made a cartoon for and never painted an "Entombment," and that Bandinelli did make a cartoon for an "Entombment," and another for a "Deposition" ("Deposto di Croce"). The last he painted and exhibited, but as it was pronounced a failure, he did not attempt to paint the "Entombment," but gave it into the hands of Agnolo Bigio, who, however, did not complete the painting. Such an unfinished picture coming before us answering to Vasari's description, the conclusion becomes all but inevitable that No. 790 is that unfinished picture.

So much, then, for what may be called historical circumstantial evidence, the weight of which cannot be denied. Opposed to this, there is brought against the attribution of the picture 790 to Bandinelli certain evidence of opinion which is not without influence when it has authority, and in this case we have Mr. Poynter, R.A., most positively asserting that "the highly studied and nervous precision, the profound and subtle knowledge shown in every line of the picture, show in every part the stamp of Michelangelo's mind and hand, and no other." The same authority perceives in the picture that "the colouring, which is clear, precise, and luminous, is not so very far removed from that of the frescoes in the Sistine, and that it presents a striking resemblance to some of the first figures he (Michelangelo) painted in the vault of the Sistine, notably to a detached group of a father bearing his dead son." These opinions are irreconcilable with those of other authorities, and the last one is so with the fact that the group in the Sistine picture of the Deluge represents the father carrying his drowned son with his arms strongly encircling the dead body round the chest, without the least resemblance to the figure of Joseph of Arimathea, who in 790 is only seen with his head over the shoulder of the dead Christ, which also has not a line like the form of the drowned figure. A reference to the well known autotype copies will prove this. Signor Frizzoni, like all who attribute 790 to Michelangelo, says he considers it to be a youthful work ("La reputiamo fatta nell'età sua giovanile"), and resembling the style and types of his master, Domenico Ghirlandajo. The Sistine vault was begun in 1510, and finished in November, 1512, and the master was then in his thirty-seventh year; yet work which one authority pronounces youthful another declares to be comparable with the highest achievements of the great master. Have we any authentic picture by Michelangelo in his early time with which to compare this picture 790? This is a question which has escaped attention in the somewhat wordy dispute over unessential points. The round picture of a 'Holy Family,' in the Tribune at Florence, painted between 1502 and 1504, about 48 inches diameter, with the principal figures the size of life, certainly shows a resemblance to the head of St. Joseph, which is bald, with tufts of hair at the side, and in the figure of the Virgin seated on the ground, which resembles that of Salome in No. 790, National Gallery, in the type of head and in the arms with prominent elbows. But this work of Michelangelo, painted as a commission from Angelo Doni, far surpasses in design and execution anything in our "Entombment," and especially in the five magnificent nude figures of young gladiators of the arena seen in the background, which, in their way, are as grand as anything in the Sistine. The difference in merit between it and the "Entombment" immensely outweighs the small resemblance pointed out above, which may perhaps be accounted for by the two painters having taken the same models. An easy comparison may be made with Michelangelo's youthful work by looking at the "Holy Family," 809, in the National Gallery, which hangs close to 790. If this be rightly attributed, it differs very greatly from anything in the "Entombment" in the finer drawing, and in the modelling as well as the method of the painting, which is certainly *tempera*.

Evidence of a more positive and direct nature is adduced by Mr. Burton to prove that the National Gallery "Entombment" must be by Michelangelo, because a drawing in red chalk by that master, in the Albertina Gallery, Vienna, shows the same "idea and *motif*" of the dead Christ in our picture." Any one may see that this is so, and if it were equally true that this drawing is by the hand of Michelangelo the whole controversy would be settled.

Mr. Robinson expresses his doubts of this drawing, and if it be compared with some absolutely true work, such as the drawing of the "Crucifixion" by Michelangelo in the British Museum, it is obviously inferior. It has none of the assured power and incisive line characteristic of Michelangelo, and it shows many weak points in the feeble drawing of the hands, the straight lines of the sides of the chest, and the want of proportion in the trunk and limbs. The smallness of the head is also a defect. This last is peculiar to Bandinelli. The paper measures 16 inches by 9 in width; part of the hair of the crown of the head, and part of the toes being cut off at the bottom. The head measures 2 inches, 1-8 the height of the paper, which, if the figure were erect, would give a proportion of at least ten heads. The eyes are open and the mouth closed, which show that it was studied from a living model. Michelangelo was familiar with the dead subject, and probably would have drawn from one. Another point of resemblance to Bandinelli is in the lumpy and puffy pectoral muscles. This defect is one that was noticed in Bandinelli's work by no less a critic than Benvenuto Cellini, who, when Baccio in his presence was complaining to the Duke Lorenzo Medici that more than a hundred sonnets of the most abusive character had been written upon his Hercules and Cacus, said, "You must have copied the muscles of his breasts not from a man, but from a bag of melons set up against a wall." If then it turns out that this drawing, upon which everything now depends, should not be by Michelangelo but by Bandinelli, the real painter of "The Entombment" (790) would be discovered, and Vasari's account confirmed.

Vasari's account confirmed. The history of this "Entombment" is by no means favourable to its authenticity. It has no pedigree, and what reputation it has is due chiefly to its being in the National Gallery, and its having been purchased for 2,000*l.* in 1868 from Mr. Macpherson, a photographer long resident at Rome, since deceased. It belonged to Cardinal Fesch, and after his death came into the hands of Principe di Musignano, who sold it, with many other pictures, to a Roman dealer, and in 1846 he sold it in a lot to Mr. Macpherson for a small sum. It was cleaned and no doubt restored; and Cornelius, the painter, pronounced it to be a veritable work of Michelangelo when he gave evidence in a trial to recover damages for sale under the value, according to a process of Roman law. Its reputation began then, but without much success, for Mr. Macpherson could not find a purchaser for near twenty years. The picture, in fact, was not believed in in Rome. The writer was in Rome in 1864, and almost daily meeting Mr. Macpherson, but the picture was never mentioned, neither was it spoken of in the Art circles of Rome. It was not till it became known that the Director of the National Gallery had bought the so-called Rembrandt for 7,000*l.*, that steps were immediately taken to bring the so-called Michelangelo into the same market. Success equally attended the enterprise, and the picture was duly enthroned as the work of Michelangelo, just as the picture by Eckhout was for a time hung up as a Rembrandt, only to be quietly let down, as it now is, to "the school of Rembrandt," preparatory, let us hope, to putting the true name of the painter upon it. Perhaps, when the long-expected new catalogue appears, No. 790 may be named "The Entombment," designed by Baccio Bandinelli, painted by Agnolo Bigio.

If the Director of the National Gallery feels so confident and Mr. Poynter is so sure, why not place in the Gallery autotypes of the Albertina drawing, and of the Florence Holy Family, as well as one of the group in the Sistine picture of the Deluge? G. R.

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ought to be ranked as one of the benefactors of the human
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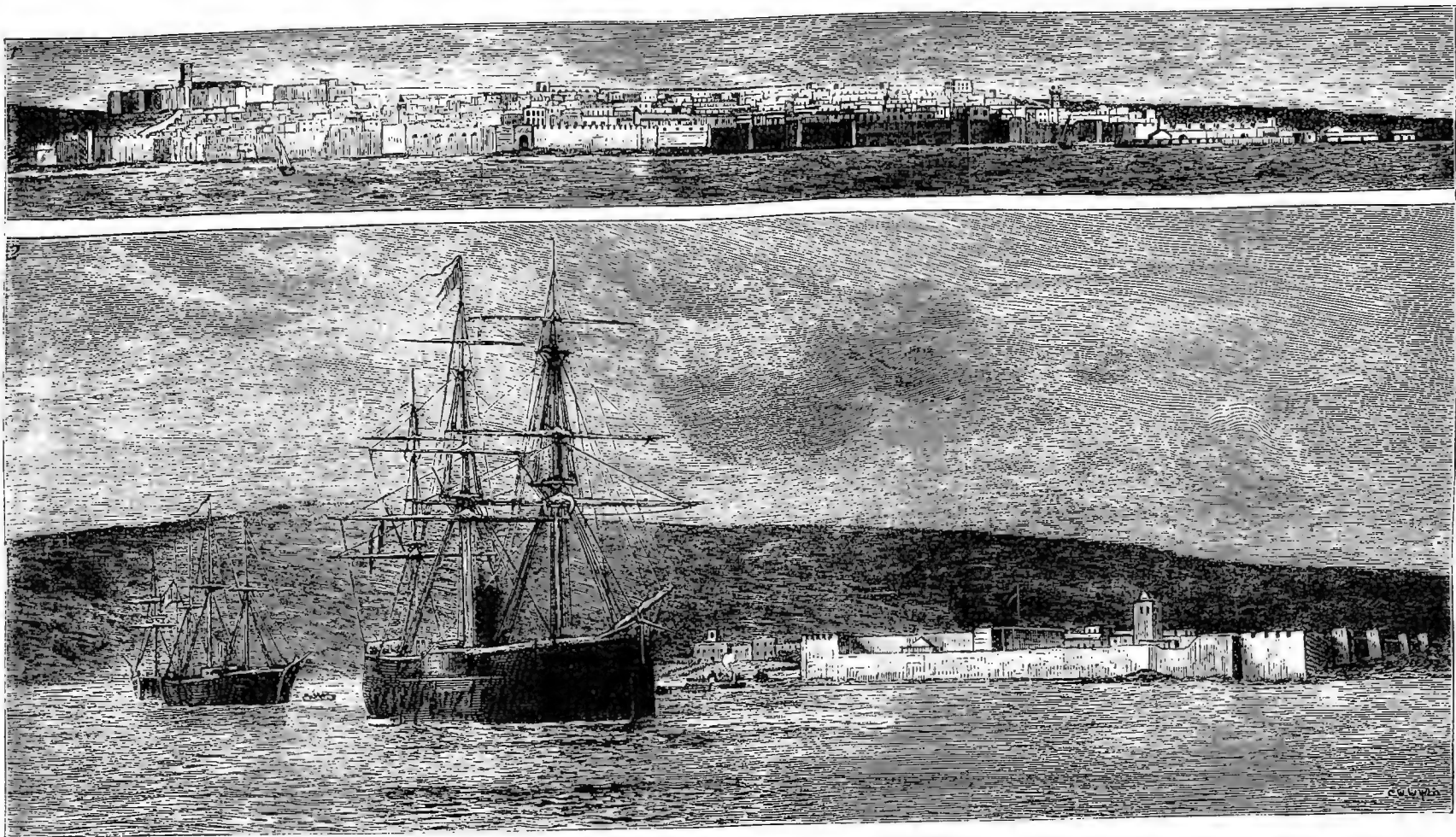
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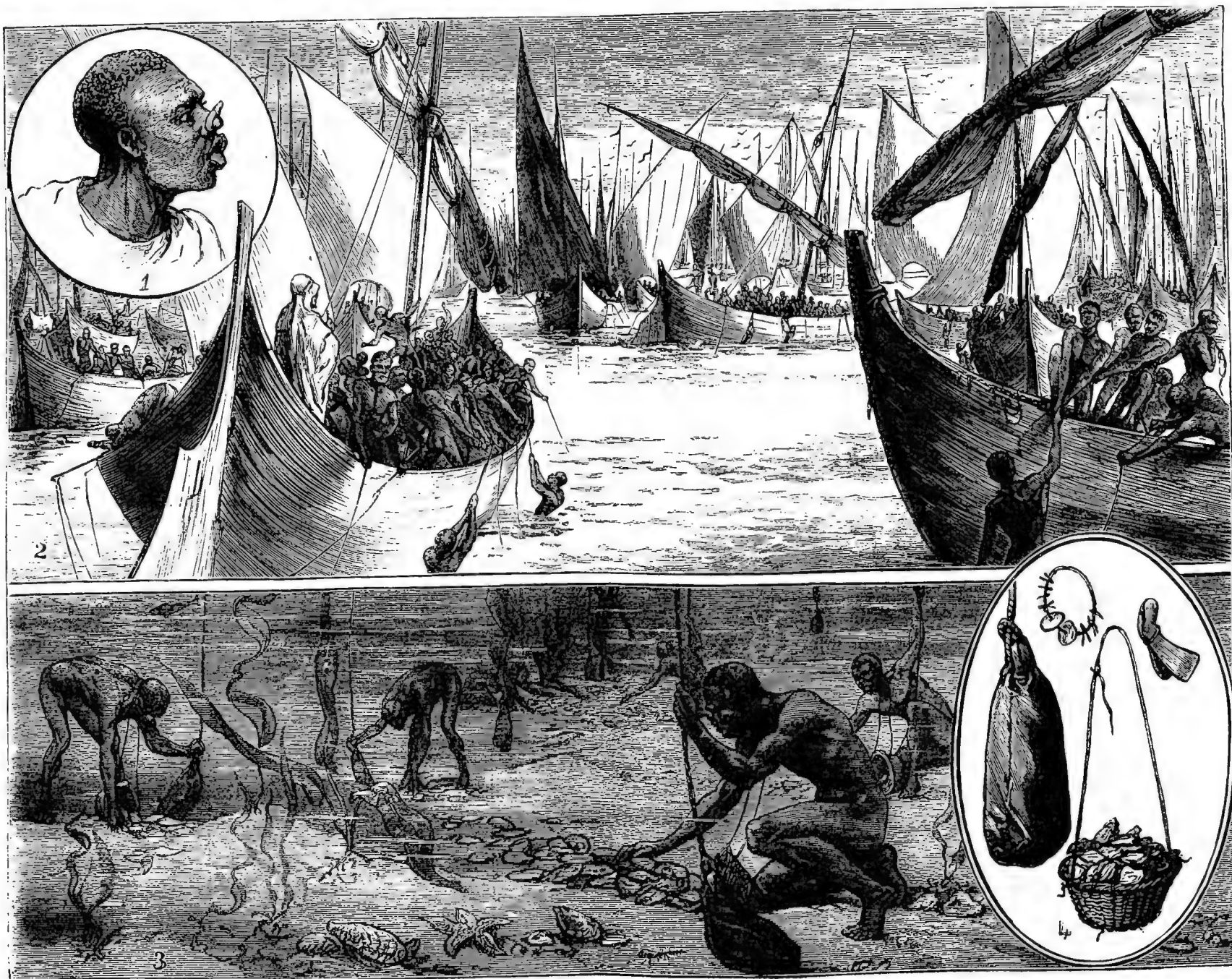
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Unpleasantness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of
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exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the in-



1. Susa, from the Sea.—2. Arrival of French Troops at Hammamet.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS

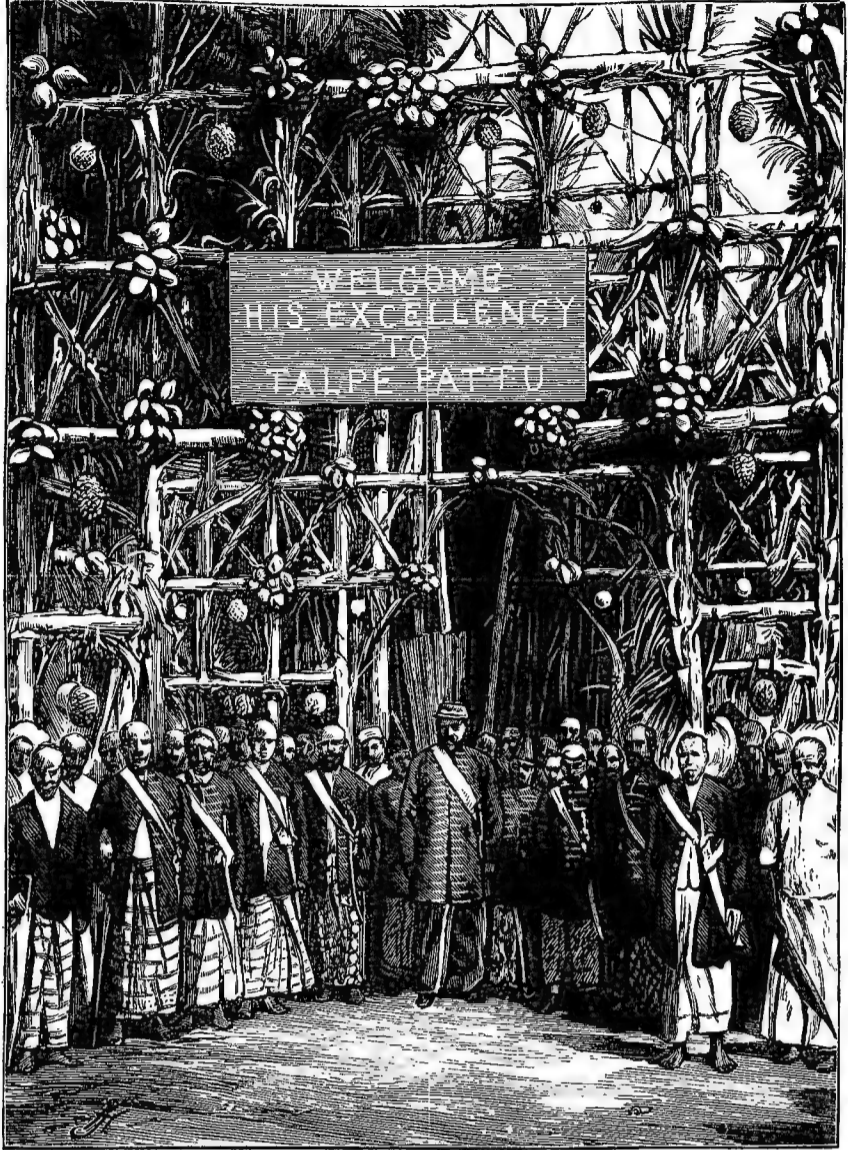


1. "Sidi-Arab" Diver with "Pince Nez."—2. The "Mosquito Fleet" at Anchor.—3. The Divers at Work Below.—4. Apparatus used by the Divers.

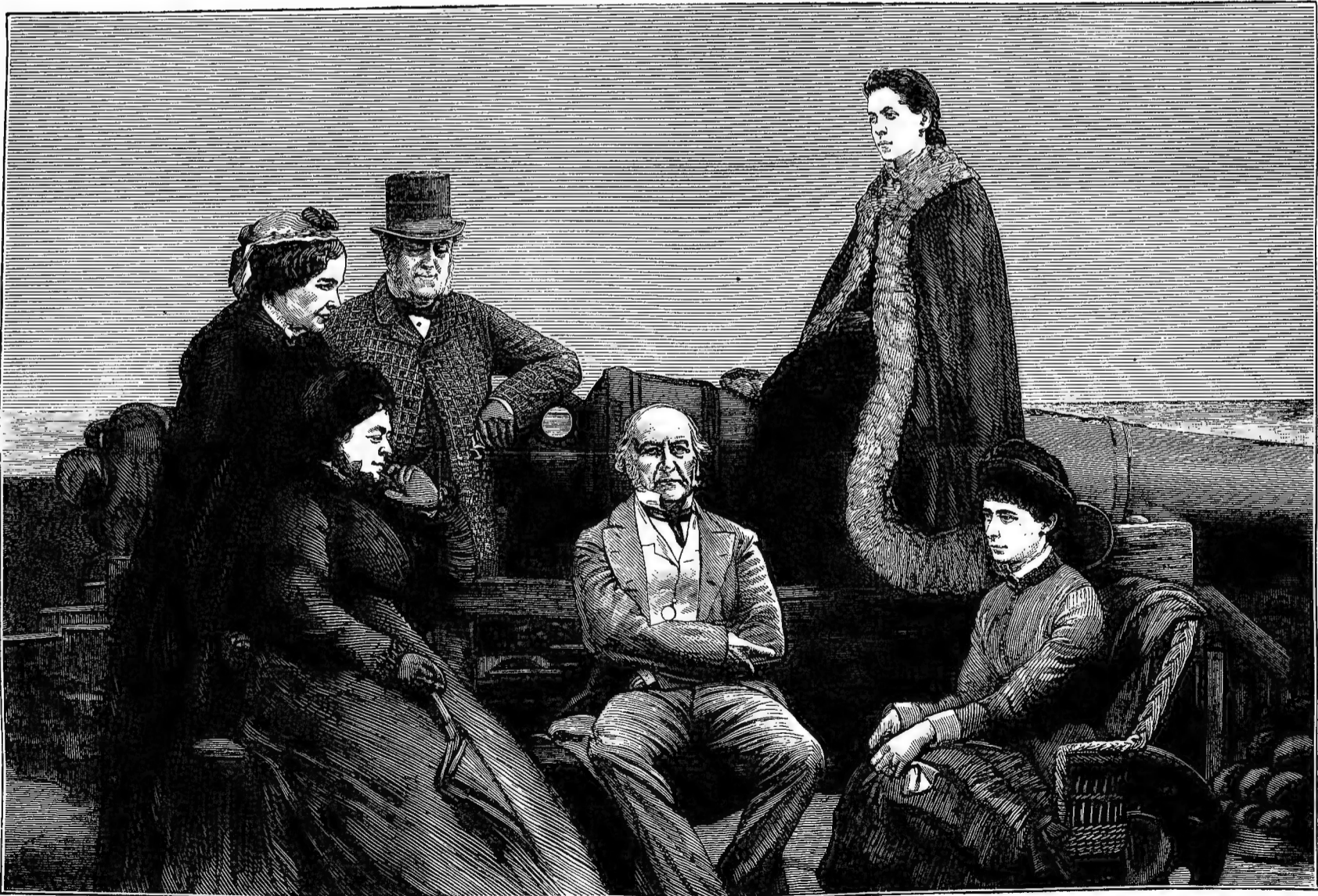
THE PEARL FISHERY IN THE PERSIAN GULF



A MIDNIGHT RAILWAY EXCURSION—TINTERN ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT



"WAITING FOR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR"—TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED BY THE NATIVES AT TALPE PATTU, CEYLON



Catherine Gladstone *Sydney Gladstone* *John Lubbock* *Mary Gladstone* *Alma Paget*

MR. GLADSTONE'S RECENT VISIT TO DEAL CASTLE—A PORTRAIT GROUP ON THE RAMPARTS

of Hinckley, has won all the first prizes in the three competitions with brilliant shooting at all the ranges. He won a magnificent silver cup, value fifteen guineas, given by G. Oliver, Esq., of Leicester; His Grace the Duke of Rutland's prize of 20*l.*, with ten shoots at 600 yards, and first prize at 200 yards, thirty-three points; he also made thirty-four out of a possible thirty-five at the 500 yards range. Mr. Callow will be remembered by Wimbledon, as he tied with Whitelaw, of Lanark, and another for the Alfred, 1880, with thirty-four points.

RUNNING.—We are informed that the indisposition of Mr. Harry Lowe, of the West London Harriers, referred to in our last week's issue, was exaggerated. On Wednesday last, the 28th ult., though against the advice of his friends, he ran, with 22 others, 74 miles, from Wimbledon to Basingstoke and back. The race was closely watched by bicyclists.



LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL, it is announced, is about to retire from the Bench. Several names have been mentioned in connection with the consequent vacancy, but no successor has yet been appointed.

THE WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING ACT still lacks authoritative interpretation. On Tuesday the Hawarden magistrates, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., in the chair, inflicted fines upon several publicans who had been summoned for keeping open on Sunday. This, however, was only done after a long consultation, and Mr. Gladstone, in giving the decision, admitted that the clause was very ambiguous, but thought that they ought to be guided by the general intention of the Act. On the same day, at Swansea, the stipendiary magistrate and a full licensing committee, acting on the advice of eminent counsel, decided that as the Act was not passed until August 27th, the "day next appointed" must be taken to mean August 20th, 1882. The question will probably be submitted to the High Court of Justice. One of the hardships under the act is that the boundary of Flintshire cuts the parish of Saltney in two halves, so that, while publicans in that county have to close their houses, others in Cheshire, only a few yards distant, are allowed to keep open.

ANOTHER STOLEN PICTURE.—It is stated that the celebrated picture, the "Monarch of the Meadows," painted by Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy some years ago, has been stolen from its owner, Mr. Allcroft of Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, at whose residence a fire occurred on the 13th ult., which, however, was quickly subdued. It was then found that the canvas had been cut from its frame, but whether destroyed or carried off can only be conjectured. The picture was a large one of a bull standing over a cow and a calf, and its value was 5,000*l.*

A MISSING REGISTERED LETTER.—A strange story comes from Inverness of the loss of a registered letter containing 900*l.* in bank-notes, which was posted there one day last week, but has not yet reached its destination at Balmacarra, West Ross-shire. Theoretically the registration of a letter insures its safety, a series of printed receipts being filled up and signed by the various officers through whose hands it passes; but it is said that all trace of this particular letter is lost. The owner cannot recover more than 2*l.* from the Post Office authorities.

THE BURGLARY SEASON has set in with more than usual severity, a score or more of successful or attempted robberies having been perpetrated in and around London during the past few days. At Kingston, Surrey, a policeman named Frederick Atkins has died of shot-wounds received on Thursday night last week, and which are supposed to have been fired by a burglar or burglars whom he had disturbed in an attempt to enter The Knoll, Kingston Hill, the residence of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Powys Keck. He was fired at three times, but never saw his assassins, who escaped while he was lying insensible. It is therefore very doubtful whether they will ever be brought to justice, although the Government have offered a reward of 100*l.* with a free pardon to any accomplice, for information concerning the murderer, and a further money reward has been raised by private subscription.

JUVENILE THIEVES.—Mr. Paget, the Hammersmith magistrate, is clearly of opinion that very young children should not be sent to prison for theft. On Saturday he discharged a boy of eight who, at the suggestion of his father, had been charged with stealing a purse belonging to one of his lodgers, declaring it to be "monstrous" that a parent should prosecute his own child. On the same day another boy of the same age, who had been caught in the act of helping a bigger lad to purloin some beetroots from a field, was brought before him. He too was discharged, the prosecutor being told to catch the other boy, and bring the younger one as a witness.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—At the Middlesex Sessions the men who took part in the recent prize fight on a Sunday morning at Hendon were convicted. One of the principals and his "second" were sentenced to two months' hard labour, another prominent participant to six weeks', while the remaining three men, in consideration of their having been in prison twelve days, were let off on paying a fine of 20*s.*, and entering into their own recognisances in 20*l.* to keep the peace.—A fatal prize fight took place near Coventry on Monday, one of the combatants having during a three-quarters of an hour's battle sustained fractures of the skull, several broken ribs, and other injuries, from the effects of which he died next day. His opponent is in custody, and will be charged with manslaughter.

MADMAN OR ROGUE?—One Julius Nicholas Stroddell is now in custody on a charge of stealing two books from the library of the Sunday School Union. He admitted taking the books, but tried to persuade the magistrate that he did so "in a friendly way, which was different from stealing," and said that he had a friendly and brotherly conscience, which exonerated him from the charge, as he had only done his duty in the matter. Property, he continued, was sacred "in a sense," but not so absolutely; and he then told a rambling story about having been cast off by his relatives because he had left the Church of Rome and become a Protestant. Alderman Sir T. Owden, before whom he was brought, reminded him that about a year ago he had been charged with stealing a bottle of wine, and remarking that he was either a madman or a very cunning fellow, remanded him to ascertain the state of his mind.

THE ORGAN GRINDERS' SUNDAY.—For persistently annoying a householder by playing on a piano organ before his residence after he was told to go away, a couple of sturdy "grinders" were last week fined five shillings each at the police-court, the magistrate remarking that he should have thought that able-bodied, broad-shouldered fellows such as the defendants might find employment more remunerative than dragging their musical machine about the streets in all weathers, and from morning until night, for a mere shilling or so a day. The two Italian conspirators against the public peace paid the penalty without a word of reply, but they must have laughed in their sleeves at the magistrate's want of knowledge as to what an organ man's earnings really are. They enable him, at all events, to attire himself on Sundays in a way that few ordinary working men can afford to. Eyre Street Hill, Clerkenwell, and its immediate neighbourhood constitute the colony

where hundreds of Italians engaged in the organ and "ice cream" interests congregate, thick almost as bees in a hive. On a Sunday morning the streets swarm with grinders off duty for the day, and at liberty to enjoy themselves. But no one would recognise them as the same slouching, dejected, poor drudges who seem so humbly grateful for the penny thrown to them from the window. In his Sunday clothes the organ man is a "swell." He wears a smartly cut jacket of blue cloth, with continuations of the same material, and he has rings on his fingers and a brooch in his silk neckerchief, and the eye of a peacock's feather adorns his rakish-looking soft felt cap. He smokes cigars or cigarettes, and he saunters with a swagger like a man whose worldly cares are few, or he lounges at the lamp-post or at street corners with companions of his craft, passing the time in light-hearted gossip and mirth-moving anecdote. Perhaps at such times they relate to each other funny stories of sensitive householders they have exasperated well nigh to madness, and of the sixpences they have extorted at houses where there was sickness before they would consent to spare the poor nervous invalid a fifth repetition of "My Grandfather's Clock," or the still more execrable "La-di-dah." Anyhow, there they are, and while, on the principle of the labourer being worthy of his hire, one cannot grudge them their prosperity, it is not pleasant for those to whom quiet is invaluable to reflect that while such a comfortable living is to be gained by organ grinding, it is more likely that their number will increase rather than diminish.

THE SIMPLE ART OF BURGLARY.—Assuming that certain revelations recently made by a professional burglar are truthful, one's eyes are unpleasantly opened to the marvellously cool manner in which midnight housebreakers go about their business, and the consummate ease with which, under merely ordinarily favourable circumstances, they effect their purpose. The confession is that of a man who is undergoing imprisonment for a burglary committed some time ago at Kensington, and who was brought forward as a voluntary witness to give evidence against an accomplice just caught, and who acted with him on the occasion. It is commonly supposed that such little affairs as that the two rascals engaged in are invariably "put up," or planned previously, but this does not appear to be in the least necessary. "He called on me," said the traitor, "and asked me to come for a walk, and when we got to Palace Houses he remarked, 'What do you think of them "drums" there?'" and straightway an appointment was made for that night. They met at a public-house at eight o'clock, and then enjoyed themselves until ten, when they went to Palace Houses, and got into the garden of one of the residences, intending to commence operations as soon as all the lights were extinguished. There was a swing in the garden, and the time hanging heavily on their hands, they wiled away an hour at that innocent pastime. But a certain light in a window still remained, and they resolved not to try their luck at that house at all, but at one adjoining. "We forced the back kitchen window," narrated the robber, "and took our boots off, and got into the kitchen passage. In the pantry we found a man asleep" (a guardian of the plate probably), "and next the pantry door a handbell, which we took away and placed in the area." After this they seemed to have passed about the house in a methodical and leisurely way, overhauling dining and drawing-rooms, and bedrooms, but discovered nothing that suited them until they finally entered an apartment where a rich reward for their research was revealed to them. Jewellery and diamonds of the value of 500*l.* was quickly stowed in their pockets, and one of them, having a sweetheart, perhaps, for whom he entertained tender regard, could not resist the temptation of a handsome seal jacket. The man in the pantry still remained asleep, and the alarm bell in the area belying its name, the two burglars took their departure, and shortly afterwards carried the "swag" to an accommodating tradesman residing in Whitecross Street, and sold it to him for something less than forty pounds.



MESSRS. W. MORLEY, JUN., AND CO.—The holiday season has not raised the spirits either of Mary M. Lemon or Ciro Pinsuti, to judge by a brace of melancholy songs, written and composed by them. "The Land of Rest" is published in three, "The Old Cathedral" in two keys; the former tells of a future peaceful home, the latter is the sorrowful tale of a poor little choir boy's funeral service.—Again comes a poem after "The Little Match Girl," but only a *replica*, either from a musical or poetical point of view. "The Snow Clad City" would have been a fairly good Christmas lecture had not the sad theme been more skillfully handled before; the music is by Arthur Carnall, the poetry by Clover.—A cheerful song for young people is "Powder Monkey Joe," written and composed by Hugh Cumberford and Odoardo Barri, published in three keys, so that the oldest tar and the youngest middle may sing it; although far from being able to lay claim to originality there is a merry ring in it, and the words are spirited of this song.—Cotsford Dick has wisely confined himself to two keys in publishing his *naïve* little ballad, "Courtship Lane," which will surely prove a favourite at London concerts or country readings, whether sung in F or G.—We must not omit to mention that either of these five songs "may be sung without fee or licence."—"Morley's New Pianoforte Tutor," constructed on an entirely new and simplified principle, by G. B. Allen, is introduced to the public with a flourish, whilst depreciating all other ancient and modern works of a similar nature. We have carefully examined this "New Tutor," and can find no novelty in it; on the contrary, there is a fussiness about it which is somewhat irritating; for example, it is surely sufficient to put "one, two, three, four" under the first bar of an exercise or piece without repeating it throughout. Again, take No. 13, "Gaily the Troubadour," which gives only the first half of the melody; the same may be said of No. 23. There are some good points in this "Tutor," but not sufficient to raise it up to the level of its fellows.—"The Queen Polka," by G. J. Rubini, will attract attention by its eccentric frontispiece, which displays a torn front sheet of the journal from whence it takes its title. The music is not the best specimen, by many, of the composer's musical ability.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A brace of prettily written two-part songs, poetry by Wellington Guernsey, music by Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., are: "Religion" and "Night Hurrying On;" both are for soprano and alto voices.—"At Evensong" is a sad ditty, written and composed by Frank L. Moir, the plaint of an elderly chorister, who states "I am old and grey, my eyes are dim"—the rest may be well imagined.—A meet companion for the above is "Alone I Shall Weep," written and composed by Albert Quain and E. Peruzzi.—Another tale of the sea, with a sorrowful ending, is "My Boy and I," by Barrington Erle; in this case the unfortunate narrator loses both her husband and son by shipwreck.—It is a relief to turn to "My Bonny Lass," the quaint but blithesome poetry by Thomas Lodge (1593), the appropriate music by Mary M. Hewitt.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON AND CO.—Three songs of average merit, music by C. A. Ranken, are of medium compass; for two M. K. Macmillan has supplied the words, namely, "I Watched, Sweet Babe, for thy Waking" and "As Shadows O'er the Mountains;" whilst "Day is Dying" is taken from George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy."

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"Arab Love Song" may lay claim to a fair amount of originality; the words are by Edward Oxenford, music by Edwin M. Lott.—There is a cheerful ring in, and the time is well marked of, "The Swing Polka," by Albert Rosenberg.

ALFRED HAYS.—"Souvenirs de Bal," by W. H. Maxfield, are four characteristic sketches for the pianoforte, entitled respectively, "The Promenade," "Fascination," "Flirtation," and "The Finale." The most original parts of these pieces are their titles.—We much prefer a "Tarantella in A Minor for the Pianoforte," by the same composer, which is brilliant and melodious.



RURAL DISTRICTS AND THE WATER SUPPLY.—Archdeacon Denison has circulated in the neighbourhood of East Brent a paper, setting forth the extent to which he has supplied the district with water. He has now ten reservoirs, four springs, and eight dams. The Archdeacon has spent 1,500*l.* on the works, and he now calls upon the people to take up the matter, and continue what he has successfully begun. They ought to be very glad to have the opportunity of doing so, for there are thousands of English rural districts where the water supply in summer is deplorably deficient through want of economy at the wet seasons of the year. We ourselves know several parishes within fifteen miles of London where in dry summers water costs the poor a penny per bucket.

"ARCTICA VENIT HYEMS."—As an indication of an approaching severe winter, we note that wild ducks have already made their appearance on the East Coast, and that some have been already shot by sportsmen. This is an unusually early period for the birds to come.

LAND LAW REFORM.—Mr. Long, M.P., is one of the county members who really understands agriculture, and his view on this subject has recently been given. Condensed, it is briefly this. The matter is unimportant. All the legal facilities in the world for investing money in the soil will be quite futile so long as the grand evil remains, namely, that English farming has ceased to be a profitable business. A single question may be asked: Is it not the fact that during the twenty years or more subsequent to 1851, say from 1851 to 1873, farming in England was a fairly and sometimes a highly prosperous business, and yet the Land Laws were just the same then as now, while the protection of tenants for their improvements had obtained no special legislation at all. Land Law Reform, as a question *suo jure*, is worthy to be entertained, but we delude ourselves if we hope to find in it an answer to the problem of agricultural depression.

JUDGING AT AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—Idle complaints of disappointed exhibitors are never worth noticing, but the following editorial note in the *Carlisle Patriot* is of a more serious character. No paper in the North of England bears a higher reputation, nor is better esteemed for agricultural information, and yet our contemporary has to remark: "The adverse criticism of the decisions of the judges at agricultural shows has never been more outspoken than it has lately been at Brampton and Wigton. Within certain broad lines, men say, the chances of an animal have become those of a 'spin up.'" After some further comment the *Patriot* concludes with the significant hint that, "if judges were sought completely out of the district, some of the worst imputations would be rendered untenable."

MILK.—Evidence was given at the Dairy Show just closed of the increasing consumption of milk, both for ordinary uses and as a common beverage at refreshment-bars. All the large companies advertise for fresh and increased supplies. The greatest aids to dairy interests in recent years have been, firstly, the refrigeration of milk when fresh from the cow; secondly, the condensation of milk by various processes; and thirdly, the use of preservatives, such as glacialine, for butter. These aids constitute milk and butter so far less perishable than formerly that the products of dairy farming are as safe and more marketable than those of corn farming.

BUTTERINE.—Monmouth and Macedon have many differences, although they both begin with "M." So have doctrine and dairying, though they both begin with "D." Canon Bagot, as a farmer, sees no harm in spurious or adulterated butter. His recent encomium on butterine as available food will work for evil, so far as it has any influence at all. Were England a country of Utopian virtue, we might frankly use imitations of foods. Unhappily the daily summonses under our present anything-but-drastic Adulteration Acts show that the national reputation is not so pure. Wherever an article can be cheaply imitated frauds will be committed, especially on the poor. The very name "Butterine" is deceptive. If sold at all, it should be stained some colour quite different from that of natural butter.

IRISH AGRICULTURE.—The annual return just published is less unfavourable than had been generally expected. The total area under crops in 1881 show an increase of 110,277 acres, not very unequally distributed over the four Irish Provinces. The increase included 10,400 acres more under cereals, 10,280 acres more under plantations, and 21,755 acres more under potatoes and green crops. With regard to live stock, cattle have increased by 32,962, and pigs by 237,772; but these are more than counterbalanced by 8,150 fewer horses and 303,880 fewer sheep. There are in Ireland about 4,700,000 acres of bog, marsh, and barren mountain land. The cultivation of flax appears to be on the decline, and the beautiful fields of blue, so characteristic of Ulster, threaten to become as rare in that Province as they have long since become in their old quarters of the Isle of Thanet.

CART-HORSES.—At the present day there are no breeds of cart-horses that can be said to be truly and distinctively native to our country. If we study old writers we find that during the past century several varieties existed; in fact, almost every county, or at least every two or three grouped counties, had their own special breed of cart-horse. These in course of time became intermixed; fresh blood from foreign sources was imported, crossings were effected, and this has since given rise to the formation of three distinct species recognised by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, each possessing their own special stud book, and known as the Clydesdale, Suffolk Punch, and Shire Horse. Another class of heavy horses is found in the dray-horse, which is not a distinct breed, but may be derivative from the three recognised breeds.

RABBITS.—People who wish to see our home production increased should not forget the rabbits. Every year we pay other countries very considerable sums for rabbits which with a little attention might be reared and fattened at home. Last week one well-known firm imported forty-five tons of dead rabbits, costing wholesale close upon 3,000*l.*, and which were sold as retail at a material advance. Owners of poor and sandy soil please note.

POTATOES.—The show of tubers at the recent International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace was a very good one on the whole. Coloured kidney potatoes were a poor lot, but excellence had to be noted of almost every other class. Mr. Shirley Hibberd exhibited a fine collection of forty dishes.

WASTE LANDS.—A correspondent refers to this subject, which we will return to next week.

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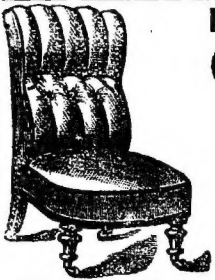
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